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THE  
TRAGEDY  
OF  
TRAGEDIES;  
OR THE  
LIFE *and* DEATH  
OF  
TOM THUMB *the Great.*

As it is Acted at the

THEATRE in the *Hay-Market.*

With the ANNOTATIONS of  
*H. SCRIBLERUS SECUNDUS.*

---

L O N D O N,

Printed; And Sold by *J. Roberts* in *Warwick-Lane.*]

M DCC XXXI.

Price One Shilling.

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# H. Scriblerus Secundus;

H I S

## P R E F A C E.

**T**HE Town hath seldom been more divided in its Opinion, than concerning the Merit of the following Scenes. Whilst some publicly affirmed, That no Author could produce so fine a Piece but Mr. P—, others have with as much Vehemence insisted, That no one could write any thing so bad, but Mr. F—.

Nor can we wonder at this Dissention about its Merit, when the learned World have not unanimously decided even the very Nature of this Tragedy. For tho' most of the Universities in Europe have honoured it with the Name of *Egregium & maximi pretii opus, Tragœdiis tam antiquis quam novis longe anteponendum*; nay, Dr. B— hath pronounced, *Citiùs Mævii Æneadem quam Scribleri istius Tragœdiam hanc crediderim, cujus Auctorem Senecam ipsum tradidisse haud dubitârim*; and the great Professor Burman, hath stiled *Tom Thumb, Heroum omnium Tragicorum faciliè Principem*. Nay, tho' it hath, among other Languages, been translated into *Dutch*, and celebrated with great Applause at *Amsterdam* (where Burlesque never came) by the Title of *Myzheer Vander Thumb*, the Burgomasters receiving it with that reverent and silent Attention, which becometh an Audience at a deep Tragedy: Notwithstanding all this, there have not been wanting some who have represented these Scenes in a ludicrous Light; and Mr. D— hath been heard to say, with some Concern, That he wondered a Tragical and Christian Nation would permit a Representation on its Theatre, so visibly designed to ridicule and extirpate every thing that is Great and Solemn among us.

This learned Critick, and his Followers, were led into so great an Error, by that surreptitious and piratical Copy which stole last Year into the World; with what Injustice and Prejudice to our Author, I hope will be acknowledged by every one who shall happily peruse this genuine and original Copy. Nor can I help remarking, to the great Praise of our Author, that, however imperfect the former was, still did even that faint Resemblance of the true *Tom Thumb*, contain sufficient Beauties

# P R E F A C E.

to give it a Run of upwards of Forty Nights, to the politeſt Audiences. But, notwithstanding that Applauſe which it receiv'd from all the beſt Judges, it was as ſeverely cenſured by ſome few bad ones, and I believe, rather maliciously than ignorantly, reported to have been intended a Burleſque on the loſtiefſt Parts of Tragedy, and deſigned to baniſh what we generally call Fine Things, from the Stage.

Now, if I can ſet my Country right in an Affair of this Importance, I ſhall lightly eſteem any Labour which it may coſt. And this I the rather undertake, Firſt, as it is indeed in ſome meaſure incumbent on me to vindicate myſelf from that ſurreptitious Copy beforementioned, publiſhed by ſome ill-meaning People, under my Name: Secondly, as knowing my ſelf more capable of doing Juſtice to our Author, than any other Man, as I have given my ſelf more Pains to arrive at a thorough Underſtanding of this little Piece, having for ten Years together read nothing elſe; in which time, I think I may modeſtly preſume, with the help of my *Engliſh* Dictionary, to comprehend all the Meanings of every Word in it.

But ſhould any Error of my Pen awaken *Clariff. Bentleium* to enlighten the World with his Annotations on our Author, I ſhall not think that the leaſt Reward or Happineſs ariſing to me from theſe my Endeavours.

I ſhall wave at preſent, what hath cauſed ſuch Feuds in the learned World, Whether this Piece was originally written by *Shakeſpear*, tho' certainly That, were it true, muſt add a conſiderable Share to its Merit; eſpecially, with ſuch who are ſo generous as to buy and to commend what they never read, from an implicit Faith in the Author only: A Faith! which our Age abounds in as much, as it can be called deficient in any other.

Let it ſuffice, that the *Tragedy of Tragedies*, or, *The Life and Death of Tom Thumb*, was written in the Reign of Queen *Elizabeth*. Nor can the Objection made by Mr. *D—*, That the Tragedy muſt then have been antecedent to the Hiſtory, have any Weight, when we conſider, That tho' the *Hiſtory of Tom Thumb*, printed by and for *Edward M——r*, at the Looking-Glaſs on *London-Bridge*, be of a later Date; ſtill muſt we ſuppoſe this Hiſtory to have been tranſcribed from ſome other, unleſs we ſuppoſe the Writer thereof to be inſpired: A Gift very faintly contended for by the Writers of our Age. As to this Hiſtory's not bearing the Stamp of Second, Third, or Fourth Edition, I ſee but little in that Objection; Editions being very uncertain Lights to judge of Books by: And perhaps Mr. *M——r* may have joined twenty Editions in one, as Mr. *C—l* hath ere now divided one into twenty.

Nor doth the other Argument, drawn from the little Care our Author hath taken to keep up to the Letter of the Hiſtory, carry  
any

any greater Force. Are there not Instances of Plays, wherein the History is so perverted, that we can know the Heroes whom they celebrate by no other Marks than their Names? Nay, do we not find the same Character placed by different Poets in such different Lights, that we can discover not the least Sameness, or even Likeness in the Features. The *Sophonisba* of *Mairet*, and of *Lee*, is a tender, passionate, amorous Mistress of *Massinissa*; *Corneille*, and Mr. *Thomson* give her no other Passion but the Love of her Country, and make her as cool in her Affection to *Massinissa*, as to *Syphax*. In the two latter, she resembles the Character of Queen *Elizabeth*; in the two former, she is the Picture of *Mary Queen of Scotland*. In short, the one *Sophonisba* is as different from the other, as the *Brutus* of *Voltaire*, is from the *Marius Jun.* of *Otway*; or as the *Minerva* is from the *Venus* of the Ancients.

Let us now proceed to a regular Examination of the Tragedy before us. In which I shall treat separately of the Fable, the Moral, the Characters, the Sentiments, and the Diction. And first of the

*Fable*; which I take to be the most simple imaginable; and, to use the Words of an eminent Author, ‘ One, regular, and uniform, not charged with a Multiplicity of Incidents, and yet ‘ affording several Revolutions of Fortune; by which the Passions may be excited, varied, and driven to their full Tumult ‘ of Emotion.’——Nor is the the *Action* of this Tragedy less great than uniform. The Spring of all, is the Love of *Tom Thumb* for *Huicamunca*; which causeth the Quarrel between their Majesties in the first Act; the Passion of Lord *Grizzle* in the Second; the Rebellion, Fall of Lord *Grizzle*, and *Glumdalca*, Devouring of *Tom Thumb* by the Cow, and that bloody Catastrophe, in the Third.

Nor is the *Moral* of this excellent Tragedy less noble than the *Fable*; it teaches these two instructive Lessons, viz. That Human Happiness is exceeding transient, and, That Death is the certain End of all Men; the former whereof is inculcated by the fatal End of *Tom Thumb*; the latter, by that of all the other Personages.

The *Characters* are, I think, sufficiently described in the *Dramatis Personæ*; and I believe we shall find few Plays, where greater Care is taken to maintain them throughout, and to preserve in every Speech that Characteristical Mark which distinguishes them from each other. ‘ But (says Mr. D—) how well ‘ doth the Character of *Tom Thumb*, whom we must call the ‘ Hero of this Tragedy, if it hath any Hero, agree with the Precepts of *Aristotle*, who defineth *Tragedy to be the Imitation of ‘ a short, but perfect Action, containing a just Greatness in it ‘ self, &c.* What Greatness can be in a Fellow, whom History ‘ relateth



‘relateth to have been no higher than a Span?’ This Gentleman seemeth to think, with Serjeant *Kite*, that the Greatness of a Man’s Soul is in proportion to that of his Body, the contrary of which is affirmed by our *English* Physognomonical Writers. Besides, if I understand *Aristotle* right, he speaketh only of the Greatness of the Action, and not of the Person.

As for the *Sentiments* and the *Diction*, which now only remain to be spoken to; I thought I could afford them no stronger Justification, than by producing parallel Passages out of the best of our *English* Writers. Whether this Sameness of Thought and Expression which I have quoted from them, proceeded from an Agreement in their Way of Thinking; or whether they have borrowed from our Author, I leave the Reader to determine. I shall adventure to affirm this of the Sentiments of our Author; That they are generally the most familiar which I have ever met with, and at the same time delivered with the highest Dignity of Phrase; which brings me to speak of his *Diction*.—Here I shall only beg one Postulatum, *viz.* That the greatest Perfection of the Language of a Tragedy is, that it is not to be understood; which granted (as I think it must be) it will necessarily follow, that the only ways to avoid this, is by being too high or too low for the Understanding, which will comprehend every thing within its Reach. Those two Extremities of Style Mr. *Dryden* illustrates by the familiar Image of two Inns, which I shall term the Aerial and the Subterrestrial.

*Horace* goeth farther, and sheweth when it is proper to call at one of these Inns, and when at the other;

*Telephus & Peleus, cum pauper & exul uterque,  
Projicit Ampullas & Sesquipedalia Verba.*

That he approveth of the *Sesquipedalia Verba*, is plain; for had not *Telephus & Peleus* used this sort of Diction in Prosperity, they could not have dropt it in Adversity. The Aerial Inn, therefore (says *Horace*) is proper only to be frequented by Princes and other great Men, in the highest Affluence of Fortune; the Subterrestrial is appointed for the Entertainment of the poorer sort of People only, whom *Horace* advises,

———— *dolere Sermone pedestri.*

The true Meaning of both which Citations is, That Bombast is the proper Language for Joy, and Doggrel for Grief, the latter of which is literally imply’d in the *Sermo pedestris*, as the former is in the *Sesquipedalia Verba*.

*Cicero* recommendeth the former of these. *Quid est tam furiosum vel tragicum quam verborum sonitus inanis, nullâ subjectâ Sententiâ neque Scientiâ.* What can be so proper for Tragedy as a Set of big sounding Words, so contrived together, as to convey no Meaning; which I shall one Day or other prove to be

be the Sublime of *Longinus*. *Ovid* declareth absolutely for the latter Inn:

*Omne genus scripti Gravitate Tragœdia vincit.*

Tragedy hath of all Writings the greatest Share in the *Bathos*, which is the Profound of *Scriblers*.

I shall not presume to determine which of these two Stiles be properer for Tragedy. ——— It sufficeth, that our Author excelleth in both. He is very rarely within sight through the whole Play, either rising higher than the Eye of your Understanding can soar, or sinking lower than it careth to stoop. But here it may perhaps be observed, that I have given more frequent Instances of Authors who have imitated him in the Sublime, than in the contrary. To which I answer, First, Bombast being properly a Redundancy of Genius, Instances of this Nature occur in Poets whose Names do more Honour to our Author, than the Writers in the Doggrel, which proceeds from a cool, calm, weighty Way of Thinking. Instances whereof are most frequently to be found in Authors of a lower Class. Secondly, That the Works of such Authors are difficultly found at all. Thirdly, That it is a very hard Task to read them, in order to extract these Flowers from them. And Lastly, It is very often difficult to transplant them at all; they being like some Flowers of a very nice Nature, which will flourish in no Soil but their own: For it is easy to transcribe a Thought, but not the Want of one. The *Earl of Essex*, for Instance, is a little Garden of choice Rarities, whence you can scarce transplant one Line so as to preserve its original Beauty. This must account to the Reader for his missing the Names of several of his Acquaintance, which he had certainly found here, had I ever read their Works; for which, if I have not a just Esteem, I can at least say with *Cicero*, *Quæ non contemno, quippè quæ nunquam legerim*. However, that the Reader may meet with due Satisfaction in this Point, I have a young Commentator from the University, who is reading over all the modern Tragedies, at Five Shillings a Dozen, and collecting all that they have stole from our Author, which shall shortly be added as an Appendix to this Work.



# Dramatis Personæ.

- King *Arthur*, A passionate sort of King, Husband to Queen *Dollalolla*, of whom he stands a little in Fear; Father to *Huncamunca*, whom he is very fond of; and in Love with *Glumdalca*. } Mr. Mullart.
- Tom Thumb the Great*, A little Hero with a great Soul, something violent in his Temper, which is a little abated by his Love for *Huncamunca*. } Young Verhuyck.
- Ghost of Gaffar Thumb*, A whimsical sort of Ghost. } Mr. Lacy.
- Lord *Grizzle*, Extremely zealous for the Liberty of the Subject, very cholerick in his Temper, and in Love with *Huncamunca*. } Mr. Jones.
- Merlin*, A Conjurer, and in some sort Father to *Tom Thumb*. } Mr. Hallam.
- Noodle*, } Courtiers in Place, and consequently } Mr. Reynolds.  
*Doodle*, } of that Party that is uppermost. } Mr. Wathan.
- Foodle*, A Courtier that is out of Place, and consequently of that Party that is undermost. } Mr. Ayres.
- Bailiff*, and } Of the Party of the Plaintiff. } Mr. Peterson.  
*Follower*, } } Mr. Hicks.
- Parson*, Of the Side of the Church. } Mr. Watson.

## W O M E N.

- Queen *Dollalolla*, Wife to King *Arthur*, and Mother to *Huncamunca*, a Woman entirely faultless, saving that she is a little given to Drink; a little too much a *Virago* towards her Husband, and in Love with *Tom Thumb*. } Mrs. Mullart.
- The Princess *Huncamunca*, Daughter to their Majesties King *Arthur* and Queen *Dollalolla*, of a very sweet, gentle, and amorous Disposition, equally in Love with Lord *Grizzle* and *Tom Thumb*, and desirous to be married to them both. } Mrs. Jones.
- Glumdalca*, of the Giants, a Captive Queen, beloved by the King, but in Love with *Tom Thumb*. } Mrs. Dove.
- Cleora*, } Maids of Honour, in } *Noodle*. }  
*Mustacha*, } Love with } *Doodle*. }
- Courtiers*, *Guards*, *Rebels*, *Drums*, *Trumpets*, *Thunder* and *Lightning*.

S C E N E the Court of King *Arthur*, and a Plain thereabouts.





# TOM THUMB *the Great.*

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## ACT I. SCENE I.

SCENE, *The Palace.*

Doodle, Noodle.

DOODLE.



SURE, such a (*a*) Day as this was never  
seen!

The Sun himself, on this auspicious  
Day,

Shines, like a Beau in a new Birth-Day.

Suit :

That

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(*a*) *Corneille* recommends some very remarkable Day, wherein to fix the Action of a Tragedy. This the best of our Trágical Writers have understood to mean a Day remarkable for the Serenity of the Sky, or what we generally call a fine Summer's Day: So that according to this their Exposition, the same Months are proper for Tragedy, which are proper for Pastoral. Most of our celebrated *English* Tragedies, as *Cato*, *Mariamne*, *Tamerlane*, &c. begin with their Observations on the Morning. *Lee* seems to have come the nearest to this beautiful Description of our Authors ;

*The Morning dawns with an unwonted Crimson,  
The Flowers all odorous seem, the Garden Birds*

This down the Seams embroider'd, that the Beams.  
All Nature wears one universal Grin.

*Nood.* This Day, O Mr. *Doodle*, is a Day  
Indeed, (*b*) a Day we never saw before.

The mighty (*c*) *Thomas Thumb* victorious comes;  
Millions of Giants crowd his Chariot Wheels,  
(*d*) Giants! to whom the Giants in *Guild-hall*

Are

*Sing louder, and the laughing Sun ascends,  
The gaudy Earth with an unusual brightness,  
All Nature smiles.*

*Cæf. Borg.*

*Massiniffa* in the new *Sophonisba* is also a Favourite of the Sun;

—— *The Sun too seems  
As conscious of my Joy with broader Eye  
To look abroad the World, and all things smile  
Like Sophonisba.*

*Memnon* in the *Persian Princess*, makes the Sun decline rising, that he may not peep on Objects, which would prophane his Brightness.

—— *The Morning rises slow,  
And all those ruddy Streaks that us'd to paint  
The Days Approach, are lost in Clouds as if  
The Horrors of the Night had sent 'em back,  
To warn the Sun, he should not leave the Sea,  
To Peep, &c.*

(*b*) This Line is highly conformable to the beautiful Simplicity of the Antients. It hath been copied by almost every Modern,

*Not to be is not to be in Woe.*

*State of Innocence.*

*Love is not Sin but where 'tis sinful Love.*

*Don Sebastian.*

*Nature is Nature, Lælius.*

*Sophonisba.*

*Men are but Men, we did not make our selves.*

*Revenge.*

(*c*) *Dr. B* — *y* reads the mighty Tall-mast Thumb.  
*Mr. D* — *s* the mighty Thumping Thumb. *Mr. T* — *d*  
reads Thundering. I think *Thomas* more agreeable to the great Simplicity so apparent in our Author.

(*d*) That learned Historian *Mr. S* — *n* in the third Number of his Criticism on our Author, takes great Pains to explode  
this



Are Infant Dwarfs. They frown, and foam, and roar,  
While *Thumb* regardless of their Noise rides on.  
So some Cock-Sparrow in a Farmer's Yard,  
Hops at the Head of an huge Flock of Turkeys.

*Dood.* When Goody *Thumb* first brought this *Thomas* forth,

The *Genius* of our Land triumphant reign'd;  
Then, then, Oh *Arthur!* did thy *Genius* reign.

*Nood.* They tell me it is (e) whisper'd in the Books  
Of

this Passage. It is, says he, difficult to guess what Giants are here meant, unless the Giant *Despair* in the *Pilgrim's Progress*, or the Giant *Greatness* in the *Royal Villain*; for I have heard of no other sort of Giants in the Reign of King *Arthur*. *Petrus Burmannus* makes three *Tom Thumbs*, one whereof he supposes to have been the same Person whom the *Greeks* called *Hercules*, and that by these Giants are to be understood the *Centaurs* slain by that Heroë. Another *Tom Thumb* he contends to have been no other than the *Hermes Trismegistus* of the *Antients*. The third *Tom Thumb* he places under the Reign of King *Arthur*, to which third *Tom Thumb*, says he, the Actions of the other two were attributed. Now tho' I know that this Opinion is supported by an Assertion of *Justus Lipsius*, *Thomam illum Thumbum non alium quam Herculem fuisse satis constat*; yet shall I venture to oppose one Line of Mr. *Midwinter*, against them all,

*In Arthur's Court Tom Thumb did live.*

But then, says Dr. B — y, if we place *Tom Thumb* in the Court of King *Arthur*, it will be proper to place that Court out of *Britain*, where no Giants were ever heard of. *Spencer*, in his *Fairy Queen*, is of another Opinion, where describing *Albion* he says,

———— *Far within a salvage Nation dwelt  
Of hideous Giants.*

And in the same Canto,

*Then Elfar, who two Brethren Giants had,  
The one of which had two Heads —  
The other three.*

*Risum teneatis, Amici.*

(e) To Whisper in Books says Mr. D — s is errant Nonsense. I am afraid this learned Man does not sufficiently understand

Of all our Sages, that this mighty Hero  
By *Merlin's* Art begot, hath not a Bone  
Within his Skin, but is a Lump of Gristle.

*Dood.* Then 'tis a Gristle of no mortal kind,  
Some God, my *Noodle*, stept into the Place  
Of Gaffer *Thumb*, and more than (f) half begot,  
This mighty *Tom*.

*Nood.* ——— (g) Sure he was sent Express  
From Heav'n, to be the Pillar of our State.  
Tho' small his Body be, so very small,  
A Chairman's Leg is more than twice as large;  
Yet is his Soul like any Mountain big,  
And as a Mountain once brought forth a Mouse,  
(b) So doth this Mouse contain a mighty Mountain.

derstand the extensive meaning of the Word *Whisper*. It he had rightly understood what is meant by the *Senses Whisp'ring the Soul* in the *Persian Princess*, or what *Whisp'ring like Winds* is in *Aurengzebe*, or like Thunder in another Author, he would have understood this. *Emmeline* in *Dryden* sees a Voice, but she was born blind, which is an Excuse *Panthea* cannot plead in *Cyrus*, who hears a sight.

————— *Your Description will surpass,  
All Fiction, Painting, or dumb Shew of Horror,  
That ever Ears yet heard, or Eyes beheld.*

When Mr. D ——— understands these he will understand *Whisp'ring* in Books.

(f) — *Some Russian stept into his Father's Place,  
And more than half begot him.* *Mary Q. of Scots.*

(g) — *For Ulamar seems sent Express from Heaven,  
To civilize this rugged Indian Clime.* *Liberty Asserted.*

(b) *Omne majus continet in se minus, sed minus non in se majus continere potest*, says *Scaliger* in *Thumbo*. — I suppose he would have cavilled at these beautiful Lines in the Earl of *Essex*;

————— *Thy most inveterate Soul,  
That looks through the foul Prison of thy Body.*

And at those of *Dryden*,

*The Palace is without too well design'd,  
Conduct me in, for I will view thy Mind.*

*Aurengzebe.*  
*Dood.*

*Dood.* Mountain indeed! So terrible his Name,  
*(i)* The Giant Nurses frighten Children with it;  
 And cry *Tom Thumb* is come, and if you are  
 Naughty, will surely take the Child away.

*Nood.* But hark! *(k)* these Trumpets speak the  
 King's Approach.

*Dood.* He comes most luckily for my Petition.

*Flourish.*

## SCENE II.

King, Queen, Grizzle, Noodle, Doodle, Foodle.

*King.* *(l)* Let nothing but a Face of Joy appear;  
 The Man who frowns this Day shall lose his Head,  
 That he may have no Face to frown withal.  
 Smile, *Dollalolla* — Ha! what wrinkled Sorrow,  
*(m)* Hangs, sits, lies, frowns upon thy knitted Brow?

*(i)* Mr. Banks hath copied this almost Verbatim,

*It was enough to say, here's Essex come,*

*And Nurses still'd their Children with the fright.* E. of Essex.

*(k)* The Trumpet in a Tragedy is generally as much as to  
 say enter King: Which makes Mr. Banks in one of his Plays  
 call it the Trumpet's formal Sound.

*(l)* *Phraortes* in the *Captives* seems to have been acquainted  
 with King *Arthur*.

*Proclaim a Festival for seven Days space,*

*Let the Court shine in all its Pomp and Lustre,*

*Let all our Streets resound with Shouts of Joy;*

*Let Musick's Care-dispelling Voice be heard,*

*The sumptuous Banquet, and the flowing Goblet*

*Shall warm the Cheek, and fill the Heart with Gladness.*

*Astarbe shall sit Mistress of the Feast.*

*(m)* Repentance frowns on thy contracted Brow. *Sophonisba.*

*Hung on his clouded Brow, I mark'd Despair.* Ibid.

————— *A sullen Gloom,*

*Scowls on his Brow.*

*Busiris.*

*Whence*

# 6 The LIFE and DEATH of

Whence flow those Tears fast down thy blubber'd  
Cheeks,

Like a swoln Gutter, gushing through the Streets?

*Queen. (n)* Excess of Joy, my Lord, I've heard  
Folks say,

Gives Tears as certain as Excess of Grief.

*King.* If it be so, let all Men cry for Joy,

(o) 'Till my whole Court be drowned with their  
Tears;

Nay, till they overflow my utmost Land,

And leave me Nothing but the Sea to rule.

(n) *Plato* is of this Opinion, and so is *Mr. Banks*;

*Behold these Tears sprung from fresh Pain and Joy. E. of Essex.*

(o) These Floods are very frequent in the Tragick Authors.

*Near to some murmuring Brook I'll lay me down,*

*Whose Waters if they should too shallow flow,*

*My Tears shall swell them up till I will drown.*

*Lee's Sophonisba.*

*Pouring forth Tears at such a lavish Rate,*

*That were the World on Fire, they might have drown'd*

*The Wrath of Heav'n, and quench'd the mighty Ruin.*

*Mithridates.*

One Author changes the Waters of Grief to those of Joy,

——— *These Tears that sprung from Tides of Grief,*

*Are now augmented to a Flood of Joy.*

*Cyrus the Great.*

Another,

*Turns all the Streams of Hate, and makes them flow*

*In Pity's Channel.*

*Royal Villain.*

One drowns himself,

——— *Pity like a Torrent pours me down,*

*Now I am drowning all within a Deluge.*

*Anna Bullen.*

*Cyrus drowns the whole World,*

*Our swellin' Grief*

*Shall melt into a Deluge, and the World*

*Shall drown in Tears.*

*Cyrus the Great.*

*Dood.*



*Dood.* My Liege, I a Petition have here got.

*King.* Petition me no Petitions, Sir, to-day;

Let other Hours be set apart for Business.

To-day it is our Pleasure to be (*p*) drunk,

And this our Queen shall be as drunk as We.

*Queen.* (Tho' I already (*q*) half Seas over am)

If the capacious Goblet overflow

With *Arrack-Punch* —— 'fore *George* ! I'll see it out ;

Of *Rum*, and *Brandy*, I'll not taste a Drop.

*King.* Tho' *Rack*, in *Punch*, Eight Shillings be a

Quart,

And *Rum* and *Brandy* be no more than Six,

Rather than quarrel, you shall have your Will.

[*Trumpets*]

But, ha ! the Warrior comes; the Great *Tom Thumb* ;

The little Hero, Giant-killing Boy,

Preserver of my Kingdom, is arrived.

(*p*) An Expression vastly beneath the Dignity of Tragedy, says *Mr. D* —— s, yet we find the Word he cavils at in the Mouth of *Mithridates* less properly used and applied to a more terrible Idea ;

*I would be drunk with Death.*

*Mithrid.*

The Author of the New *Sophonisba* taketh hold of this Monosyllable, and uses it pretty much to the same purpose,

*The Carthaginian Sword with Roman Blood*

*Was drunk.*

I would ask *Mr. D* —— s which gives him the best Idea, a drunken King, or a drunken Sword?

*Mr. Tate* dresses up *King Arthur's* Resolution in Heroicks,

*Merry, my Lord, o'th' Captain's Humour right,*

*I am resolv'd to be dead drunk to Night.*

*Lee* also uses this charming Word ;

*Love's the Drunkenness of the Mind.*

*Gloriana.*

(*q*) *Dryden* hath borrowed this, and applied it improperly,

*I'm half Seas o'er in Death.*

*Cleom.*

SCENE

## S C E N E III.

Tom Thumb, to them with Officers, Prisoners, and Attendants.

King. (r) Oh! welcome most, most welcome to my Arms,

What Gratitude can thank away the Debt,  
Your Valour lays upon me.

Queen. ——— (s) Oh! ye Gods! [Aside.

Thumb. When I'm not thank'd at all, I'm thank'd enough,

(t) I've done my Duty, and I've done no more.

Queen. Was ever such a Godlike Creature seen! [Aside.

King. Thy Modesty's a (\*) Candle to thy Merit,  
It shines itself, and shews thy Merit too.

But say, my Boy, where did'st thou leave the Giants?

Thumb. My Liege, without the Castle Gates they stand,

The Castle Gates too low for their Admittance.

King. What look they like?

Thumb. Like Nothing but Themselves.

Queen. (u) And sure thou art like nothing but thy Self.

King. Enough! the vast Idea fills my Soul. [Aside.  
I see them, yes, I see them now before me.

The monst'rous, ugly, barb'rous Sons of Whores.

(r) This Figure is in great use among the Tragedians;

'Tis therefore, therefore 'tis.

Victim.

I long repent, repent and long again.

Busiris.

(s) A Tragical Exclamation.

(t) This Line is copied verbatim in the *Captives*.

(\*) We find a Candlestick for this Candle in two celebrated Authors;

———— Each Star withdraws

His golden Head and burns within the Socket.

Nero.

A Scul grown old and sunk into the Socket.

Sebastian.

(u) This Simile occurs very frequently among the Dramatick Writers of both Kinds.

But

But, Ha! what Form Majestick strikes our Eyes?

(x) So perfect, that it seems to have been drawn  
By all the Gods in Council: So fair she is,  
That surely at her Birth the Council paus'd,  
And then at length cry'd out, This is a Woman!

*Thumb.* Then were the Gods mistaken. — She is not  
A Woman, but a Giantess — whom we

(y) With much ado, have made a shift to hawl  
Within the Town: (z) for she is by a Foot,  
Shorter than all her Subject Giants were.

*Glum.* We yesterday were both a Queen and Wife,  
One hundred thousand Giants own'd our Sway,

(x) Mr. Lee hath stolen this Thought from our Author;

--- *This perfect Face, drawn by the Gods in Council,  
Which they were long a making.*

Lu. Jun. Brut.

--- *At his Birth, the heavenly Council paus'd,  
And then at last cry'd out, This is a Man!*

*Dryden* hath improved this Hint to the utmost Perfection:

*So perfect, that the very Gods who form'd you, wonder'd  
At their own Skill, and cry'd, A lucky Hit  
Has mended our Design! Their Envy hindred,  
Or you had been Immortal, and a Pattern,  
When Heaven would work for Ostentation sake,  
To copy out again.*

All for Love.

*Banks* prefers the Works of *Michael Angelo* to that of the Gods;

*A Pattern for the Gods to make a Man by,  
Or Michael Angelo to form a Statue.*

(y) It is impossible says Mr. W — sufficiently to admire  
this natural easy Line.

(z) This Tragedy which in most Points resembles the An-  
tients differs from them in this, that it assigns the same Honour  
to Lowness of Stature, which they did to Height. The  
Gods and Heroes in *Homer* and *Virgil* are continually described  
higher by the Head than their Followers, the contrary of which  
is observ'd by our Author: In short, to exceed on either side is  
equally admirable, and a Man of three Foot is as wonderful a  
sight as a Man of nine.

Twenty whereof were married to our self.

*Queen.* Oh! happy State of Giantism — where  
Husbands

Like Mushrooms grow, whilst hapless we are forc'd  
To be content, nay, happy thought with one.

*Glum.* But then to lose them all in one black Day,  
That the same Sun, which rising, saw me wife  
To Twenty Giants, setting, should behold  
Me widow'd of them all. — (a) My worn out  
Heart,

That Ship, leaks fast, and the great heavy Lading,  
My Soul, will quickly sink.

*Queen.* ——— Madam, believe,  
I view your Sorrows with a Woman's Eye;  
But learn to bear them with what Strength you may,  
To-morrow we will have our Grenadiers  
Drawn out before you, and you then shall chose  
What Husbands you think fit.

*Glum.* ——— (b) Madam, I am  
Your most obedient, and most humble Servant.

*King.* Think, mighty Princess, think this Court  
your own,  
Nor think the Landlord me, this House my Inn;  
Call for whate'er you will, you'll Nothing pay.  
(c) I feel a sudden Pain within my Breast,

Nor

(a) *My Blood leaks fast, and the great heavy lading*

*My Soul will quickly sink.*

*Mithrid.*

*My Soul is like a Ship.*

*Injur'd Love.*

(b) This well-bred Line seems to be copied in the *Persian*  
*Princess;*

*To be your humblest, and most faithful Slave.*

(c) This Doubt of the King puts me in mind of a Passage  
Nor



Nor know I whether it arise from Love,  
Or only the Wind-Cholick. Time must shew.  
Oh *Thumb!* What do we to thy Valour owe?  
Ask some Reward, great as we can bestow.

*Thumb.* (d) I ask not Kingdoms, I can conquer those,  
I ask not Money, Money I've enough;  
For what I've done, and what I mean to do,  
For Giants slain, and Giants yet unborn,  
Which I will slay — if this be call'd a Debt,  
Take my Receipt in full — I ask but this,  
(e) To Sun my self in *Huncamunca's* Eyes.

*King.* Prodigious bold Request. }

*Queen.* — (f) Be still my Soul. }

[*Aside.*

*Thumb.* (g) My Heart is at the Threshold of your  
Mouth,

in the *Captives*, where the Noise of Feet is mistaken for the  
Rustling of Leaves,

—— *Metinks I hear*

*The sound of Feet*

No, 'twas the *Wind* that shook yon Cypress Boughs.

(d) Mr. *Dryden* seems to have had this Passage in his Eye in  
the first Page of *Love Triumphant*.

(e) *Don Carlos* in the *Revenge* suns himself in the Charms of  
his Mistress,

*While in the Lustre of her Charms I lay.*

(f) A Tragical Phrase much in use

(g) This Speech hath been taken to pieces by several Tragi-  
cal Authors who seem to have rifled it and shared its Beauties  
among them.

*My Soul waits at the Portal of thy Breast,*

*To ravish from thy Lips the welcome News.* Anna Bullen.

*My Soul stands listning at my Ears.* Cyrus the Great.

*Love to his Tune my jarring Heart would bring,*

*But Reason overwinds and cracks the String.* D. of Guise.

—— *I should have lov'd,*

*Tho' Jove in muttering Thunder had forbid it.*

New Sophonisba.

*And when it (my Heart) wild resolves to love no more,*

*Then is the Triumph of excessive Love.*

Ibidem.

And

And waits its answer there — Oh! do not frown,  
 I've try'd, to Reason's Tune, to tune my Soul,  
 But Love did overwind and crack the String.  
 Tho' *Jove* in Thunder had cry'd out, YOU SHAN'T,  
 I should have lov'd her still — for oh strange fate,  
 Then when I lov'd her least, I lov'd her most.

*King.* It is resolv'd — the Princess is your own.

*Thumb. (b)* Oh! happy, happy, happy, happy,  
*Thumb!*

*Queen.* Consider, Sir, reward your Soldiers Merit,  
 But give not *Huncamunca* to *Tom Thumb*.

*King. Tom Thumb!* Odzooks, my wide extended  
 Realm

Knows not a Name so glorious as *Tom Thumb*.

Let *Macedonia*, *Alexander* boast,

Let *Rome* her *Cæsar's* and her *Scipio's* show,

Her Messieurs *France*, let *Holland* boast *Mynheers*,

*Ireland* her O's, her *Mac's* let *Scotland* boast,

Let *England* boast no other than *Tom Thumb*.

*Queen.* Tho' greater yet his boasted Merit was,  
 He shall not have my Daughter, that is Pos'.

*King.* Ha! sayst thou *Dollalolla*?

*Queen.* ——— I say he shan't.

*King. (i)* Then by our Royal Self we swear you lye:

*Queen. (k)* Who but a Dog, who but a Dog,  
 Would use me as thou dost. Me, who have lain

(b) *Massinissa* is one fourth less happy than *Tom Thumb*.

Oh! happy, happy, happy.

New Sophonisba.

(i) No by my self.

Anna Bullen.

(k) ——— Who caus'd,

*This dreadful Revolution in my Fate,*

*Ulamar. Who but a Dog, who but a Dog.* Liberty Asserted.

(l) These

(l) These twenty Years so loving by thy Side.  
 But I will be reveng'd. I'll hang my self,  
 Then tremble all who did this Match persuade,  
 (m) For riding on a Cat, from high I'll fall,  
 And squirt down Royal Vengeance on you all.

*Food.* (n) Her Majesty the Queen is in a Passion.

*King.* (o) Be she, or be she not — I'll to the Girl  
 And pave thy Way, oh *Thumb* — Now, by our self,  
 We were indeed a pretty King of Clouts,  
 To truckle to her Will — For when by Force  
 Or Art the Wife her Husband over-reaches,  
 Give him the Peticcoat, and her the Breeches.

*Thumb.* (p) Whisper, ye Winds, that *Huncamunca's*  
 mine;

Echoes repeat, that *Huncamunca's* mine!  
 The dreadful Bus'ness of the War is o'er,  
 And Beauty, heav'nly Beauty! crowns my Toils,  
 I've thrown the bloody Garment now aside,  
 And *Hymeneal* Sweets invite my Bride.

So when some Chimney-Sweeper, all the Day,  
 Hath through dark Paths pursu'd the sooty Way,  
 At Night, to wash his Hands and Face he flies,  
 And in his t'other Shirt with his *Brickdusta* lies.

(l) ———— *A Bride,*

*Who twenty Tears lay loving by your Side.*

Banks.

(m) *For born upon a Cloud, from high I'll fall,*

*And rain down Royal Vengeance on you all.* Albion Queen.

(n) An Information very like this we have in the *Tragedy*  
*of Love*, where *Cyrus* having storm'd in the most violent man-  
 ner, *Cyaxares* observes very calmly,

*Why, Nephew Cyrus — you are mov'd.*

(o) 'Tis in your Choice,

*Love me, or love me not.*

Conquest of Granada.

(p) There is not one Beauty in this Charming Speech, but  
 hath been borrowed by almost every Tragick Writer.

SCENE

## S C E N E IV.

Grizzle *solus*.

(*q*) Where art thou *Grizzle*? where are now thy Glories?  
 Where are the Drums that waken'd thee to Honour?  
 Greatness is a lac'd Coat from *Monmouth-Street*,  
 Which Fortune lends us for a Day to wear,  
 To-morrow puts it on another's Back.  
 The spiteful Sun but yesterday survey'd  
 His Rival, high as Saint *Paul's* Cupola;  
 Now may he see me as *Fleet-Ditch* laid low

## S C E N E V.

Queen, Grizzle.

*Queen.* (*r*) Teach me to scold, prodigious-minded  
*Grizzle*.

Mountain of Treason, ugly as the Devil,  
 Teach this confounded hateful Mouth of mine,  
 To spout forth Words malicious as thy self,  
 Words, which might shame all *Billingsgate* to speak.

*Griz.* Far be it from my Pride, to think my Tongue  
 Your Royal Lips can in that Art instruct,  
 Wherein you so excel. But may I ask,  
 Without Offence, wherefore my Queen would scold?

*Queen.* Wherefore, Oh! Blood and Thunder! han't  
 you heard

(What ev'ry Corner of the Court resounds)  
 That little *Thumb* will be a great Man made.

*Griz.* I heard it, I confess—for who, alas!

(*q*) Mr. *Banks* has (I wish I could not say too servilely) imitated this of *Grizzle* in his *Earl of Essex*.

*Where art thou Essex, &c.*

(*r*) The Countess of *Nottingham* in the *Earl of Essex* is apparently acquainted with *Dollalolla*.

(*s*) Can



(s) Can always stop his Ears—but wou'd my Teeth,  
By grinding Knives, had first been set on Edge.

*Queen.* Would I had heard at the still Noon of  
Night,

The Hallaloo of Fire in every Street!

Odsbobs! I have a mind to hang my self,

To think I shou'd a Grandmother be made

By such a Raskal. ——— Sure the King forgets,

When in a Pudding, by his Mother put,

The Bastard, by a Tinker, on a Stile

Was drop'd. ——— O, good Lord *Grizzle!* can I bear

To see him from a Pudding, mount the Throne?

Or can, Oh can! my *Huncamunca* bear,

To take a Pudding's Offspring to her Arms?

*Griz.* Oh Horror! Horror! Horror! cease my  
Queen,

(t) Thy Voice like twenty Screech-Owls, wracks  
my Brain.

*Queen.* Then rouse thy Spirit — we may yet prevent  
This hated Match. ———

*Griz.* ——— We will (u) not Fate it self,  
Should it conspire with *Thomas Thumb*, should cause it.  
I'll swim through Seas; I'll ride upon the Clouds;  
I'll dig the Earth; I'll blow out ev'ry Fire;  
I'll rave; I'll rant; I'll rise; I'll rush; I'll roar;  
Fierce as the Man whom (x) smiling Dolphins bore,  
From the Prosaick to Poetick Shore.

I'll

---

(s) *Grizzle* was not probably possessed of that Glew, of  
which Mr. Banks speaks in his *Cyrus*.

*I'll glew my Ears to ev'ry word.*

(t) *Screech-Owls, dark Ravens and amphibious Monsters,*

*Are screaming in that Voice.*

Mary Q. of Scots.

(u) The Reader may see all the Beauties of this Speech in a  
late Ode called the *Naval Lyrick*.

(x) This Epithet to a Dolphin doth not give one so clear an  
Idea,

I'll tear the Scoundrel into twenty Pieces.

*Queen.* Oh, no ! prevent the Match, but hurt him not ;

For, tho' I would not have him have my Daughter,  
Yet can we kill the Man that kill'd the Giants ?

*Griz.* I tell you, Madam, it was all a Trick,  
He made the Giants first, and then he kill'd them ;  
As Fox-hunters bring Foxes to the Wood,  
And then with Hounds they drive them out again.

*Queen.* How ! have you seen no Giants ? Are there not

Now, in the Yard, ten thousand proper Giants ?

*Griz.* (y) Indeed, I cannot positively tell,  
But firmly do believe there is not One.

*Queen.* Hence ! from my Sight ! thou Traitor, hie away ;

By all my Stars ! thou enyiest *Tom Thumb*.

Go, Sirrah ! go, (z) hie away ! hie ! — thou art,  
A setting Dog be gone.

*Griz.*

Idea as were to be wished, a smiling Fish seeming a little more difficult to be imagined than a flying Fish. Mr. *Dryden* is of Opinion, that smiling is the Property of Reason, and that no irrational Creature can smile.

*Smiles not allowed to Beasts from Reason move.*

State of Innocence.

(y) These Lines are written in the same Key with those in the *Earl of Essex* ;

*Why sayst thou so, I love thee well, indeed*

*I do, and thou shalt find by this, 'tis true.*

Or with this in *Cyrus* ;

*The most heroick Mind that ever was.*

And with above half of the modern Tragedies.

(z) *Aristotle* in that excellent Work of his which is very justly stiled his Master-piece, earnestly recommends using the

Terms

Griz. Madam, I go.

*Tom Thumb* shall feel the Vengeance you have rais'd :  
So, when two Dogs are fighting in the Streets,  
With a third Dog, one of the two Dogs meets,  
With angry Teeth, he bites him to the Bone,  
And this Dog smarts for what that Dog had done.

## S C E N E VI.

Queen *sola.*

And whither shall I go? — Alack-a-day!  
I love *Tom Thumb* — but must not tell him so;  
For what's a Woman, when her Virtue's gone?  
A Coat without its Lace; Wig out of Buckle;  
A Stocking with a Hole in't — I can't live  
Without my Virtue, or without *Tom Thumb*.  
(zz) Then let me weigh them in two equal Scales,  
In this Scale put my Virtue, that, *Tom Thumb*.  
Alas! *Tom Thumb* is heavier than my Virtue.

Terms of Art, however coarse or even indecent they may be.  
Mr. Tate is of the same Opinion.

Bru. *Do not, like young Hawks, fetch a Course about,  
Your Game flies fair.*

Fra. *Do not fear it.*

He answers you in your own *Hawking Phrase*.

Injur'd Love.

I think these two great Authorities are sufficient to justify  
*Dollalolla* in the use of the Phrase — *Hie away hie*; when  
in the same Line she says she is speaking to a setting Dog.

(zz) We meet with such another Pair of Scales in *Dryden's*  
*King Arthur*.

*Arthur and Oswald and their different Fates,  
Are weighing now within the Scales of Heav'n.*

Also in *Sebastian*.

*This Hour my Lot is weighing in the Scales.*

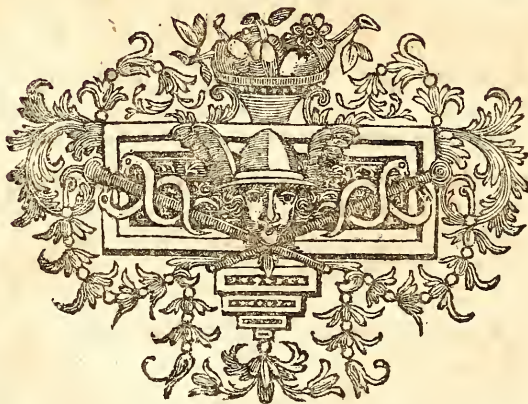
C

But

But hold! — perhaps I may be left a Widow:  
This Match prevented, then *Tom Thumb* is mine:  
In that dear Hope, I will forget my Pain.

So, when some Wench to *Tothill-Bridewell's* sent,  
With beating Hemp, and Flogging she's content:  
She hopes in time to ease her present Pain,  
At length is free, and walks the Streets again.

*The End of the First ACT.*



ACT





## A C T II. S C E N E I.

S C E N E *The Street.*

Bailiff, Follower.

*Bail.* COME on, my trusty Follower, come on,  
 This Day discharge thy Duty, and at Night  
 A Double Mug of Beer, and Beer shall glad thee.  
 Stand here by me, this Way must *Noodle* pass.

*Follow.* No more, no more, Oh Bailiff! every  
 Word

Inspires my Soul with Virtue. — Oh! I long  
 To meet the Enemy in the Street — and nab him;  
 To lay arresting Hands upon his Back,  
 And drag him trembling to the Spunging-House.

*Bail.* There, when I have him, I will sponge upon  
 him.

(a) Oh! glorious Thought! by the Sun, Moon, and Stars,  
 I will enjoy it, tho it be in Thought!  
 Yes, yes, my Follower, I will enjoy it.

*Follow.* Enjoy it then some other time, for now  
 Our Prey approaches.

*Bail.* Let us retire.

## S C E N E II.

Tom Thumb, Noodle, Bailiff, Follower.

*Thumb.* Trust me my *Noodle*, I am wondrous sick;

(a) Mr. Rowe is generally imagin'd to have taken some Hints from this Scene in his Character of *Bajazet*; but as he, of all the Tragick Writers, bears the least Resemblance to our Author in his Diction, I am unwilling to imagine he would condescend to copy him in this Particular.

For tho' I love the gentle *Huncamunca*,  
 Yet at the Thought of Marriage, I grow pale ;  
 For Oh ! — (b) but swear thou'lt keep it ever secret,  
 I will unfold a Tale will make thee stare.

*Nood.* I swear by lovely *Huncamunca's* Charms.

*Thumb.* Then know — (c) my Grand-mamma hath  
 often said,

*Tom Thumb*, beware of Marriage.

*Nood.* Sir, I blush

To think a Warrior great in Arms as you,  
 Should be affrighted by his Grand-mamma ;  
 Can an old Woman's empty Dreams deter  
 The blooming Hero from the Virgin's Arms ?  
 Think of the Joy that will your Soul alarm,  
 When in her fond Embraces clasp'd you lie,  
 While on her panting Breast dissolv'd in Bliss,  
 You pour out all *Tom Thumb* in every Kifs.

*Thumb.* Oh ! *Noodle*, thou hast fir'd my eager Soul ;  
 Spight of my Grandmother, she shall be mine ;  
 I'll hug, caress, I'll eat her up with Love.

Whole Days, and Nights, and Years shall be too short  
 For our Enjoyment, every Sun shall rise

(d) Blushing, to see us in our Bed together.

(b) This Method of surprizing an Audience by raising their Expectation to the highest Pitch, and then baulking it, hath been practis'd with great Success by most of our Tragical Authors.

(c) *Almeyda* in *Sebastian* is in the same Distress ;

*Sometimes methinks I hear the Groan of Ghosts,*

*Thin hollow Sounds and lamentable Screams ;*

*Then, like a dying Echo from afar,*

*My Mother's Voice that cries, wed not Almeyda*

*Forewarn'd, Almeyda, Marriage is thy Crime.*

(d) As very well he may if he hath any Modesty in him, says Mr. D —s The Author of *Busiris*, is extremely zealous to prevent the Sun's blushing at any indecent Object ; and therefore on all such Occasions he addresses himself to the Sun, and desires him to keep out of the way.

*Nood.*

*Nood.* Oh Sir! this Purpose of your Soul pursue.

*Bail.* Oh, Sir! I have an Action against you.

*Nood.* At whose Suit is it?

*Bail.* At your Taylor's, Sir.

Your Taylor put this Warrant in my Hands,  
And I arrest you, Sir, at his Commands.

*Thumb.* Ha! Dogs! Arrest my Friend before my Face!  
Think you *Tom Thumb* will suffer this Disgrace!  
But let vain Cowards threaten by their Word,  
*Tom Thumb* shall shew his Anger by his Sword.

[*Kills the Bailiff and his Follower.*]

*Bail.* Oh, I am slain!

*Follow.* I am murdered also,  
And to the Shades, the dismal Shades below,  
My Bailiff's faithful Follower I go.

*Nood.* (e) Go then to Hell, like Rascals as you are,  
And give our Service to the Bailiffs there.

*Thumb.* Thus perish all the Bailiffs in the Land,  
Till Debtors at Noon-Day shall walk the Streets,  
And no one fear a Bailiff or his Writ.

*Rise never more, O Sun! let Night prevail,  
Eternal Darkness close the World's wide Scene.*      *Busiris.*  
*Sun hide thy Face and put the World in Mourning.*      *Ibid.*

Mr. Banks makes the Sun perform the Office of *Hymen*; and  
therefore not likely to be disgusted at such a Sight;  
*The Sun sets forth like a gay Brideman with you.*

Mary Q. of Scots.

(e) *Nourmabal* sends the same Message to Heaven;  
*For I would have you, when you upwards move,  
Speak kindly of us, to our Friends above.*

Aurengzebe.

We find another to Hell, in the *Persian Princess*;

*Villain, get thee down  
To Hell, and tell them that the Frays begun.*

## S C E N E III.

*The Princess Huncamunca's Apartment.*

Huncamunca, Cleora, Mustacha.

*Hunc. (f)* Give me some Musick — see that it be  
fad.*Cleora sings.*

*Cupid, ease a Love-sick Maid,  
Bring thy Quiver to her Aid;  
With equal Ardor wound the Swain:  
Beauty should never sigh in vain.*

## II.

*Let him feel the pleasing Smart,  
Drive thy Arrow thro' his Heart;  
When One you wound, you then destroy;  
When Both you kill, you kill with Joy.*

*Hunc. (g)* O, *Tom Thumb!* *Tom Thumb!* wherefore  
art thou *Tom Thumb*?

Why had'st thou not been horn of Royal Race?

Why had not mighty *Bantam* been thy Father?Or else the King of *Brentford*, *Old* or *New*?

*Must.* I am surpriz'd that your Highness can give your  
self a Moment's Uneasiness about that little insignifi-  
cant Fellow, *(b)* *Tom Thumb the Great* — One properer  
for a Play-thing, than a Husband. — Were he my  
Husband, his Horns should be as long as his Body. —

*(f)* *Anthony* gives the same Command in the same Words.*(g)* Oh! *Marius, Marius*; wherefore art thou *Marius*?Otway's *Marius*.*(b)* Nothing is more common than these seeming Contradictions; such as,

*Haughty Weakness.  
Great small World.*

*Victim.  
Noah's Flood.*

If



If you had fallen in Love with a Grenadier, I should not have wonder'd at it — If you had fallen in Love with Something; but to fall in Love with Nothing!

*Hunc.* Cease, my *Mustacha*, on thy Duty cease.

The *Zephyr*, when in flowry Vales it plays,  
Is not so soft, so sweet as *Thummy's* Breath.

The Dove is not so gentle to its Mate.

*Must.* The Dove is every bit as proper for a Husband — Alas! Madam, there's not a Beau about the Court looks so little like a Man — He is a perfect Butterfly, a Thing without Substance, and almost without Shadow too.

*Hunc.* This Rudeness is unseasonable, desist;  
Or, I shall think this Railing comes from Love.  
*Tom Thumb's* a Creature of that charming Form,  
That no one can abuse, unless they love him.

*Must.* Madam, the King.

## S C E N E IV.

*King Huncamunca.*

*King.* Let all but *Huncamunca* leave the Room.

[*Ex. Cleora, and Mustacha.*

Daughter, I have observ'd of late some Grief,  
Unusual in your Countenance — your Eyes,  
(i) That, like two open Windows, us'd to shew  
The lovely Beauty of the Rooms within,  
Have now two Blinds before them — What is the Cause?

(i) *Lee* hath improv'd this Metaphor.

*Dost thou not view Joy peeping from my Eyes,  
The Casements open'd wide to gaze on thee;  
So Rome's glad Citizens to Windows rise,  
When they some young Triumpher fain would see.*

*Gloriana.*

Say, have you not enough of Meat and Drink?  
We've giv'n strict Orders not to have you stinted.

*Hunc.* Alas! my Lord, I value not my self,  
That once I eat two Fowls and half a Pig;  
(k) Small is that Praise; but oh! a Maid may want,  
What she can neither eat nor drink.

*King* What's that?

*Hunc.* (l) O spare my Blushes; but I mean a Husband.

*King.* If that be all, I have provided one,  
A Husband great in Arms, whose warlike Sword

(k) *Almahide* hath the same Contempt for these Appetites;  
*To eat and drink can no Perfection be.*

Conquest of Granada.

The Earl of *Essex* is of a different Opinion, and seems to place the chief Happiness of a General therein.

*Were but Commanders half so well rewarded,  
Then they might eat.*

Banks's Earl of Essex.

But if we may believe one, who knows more than either, the Devil himself; we shall find Eating to be an Affair of more moment than is generally imagined.

*Gods are immortal only by their Food.*

Lucifer in the State of Innocence.

(l) This Expression is enough of it self (says Mr. *D——s*) utterly to destroy the Character of *Huncamunca*; yet we find a Woman of no abandon'd Character in *Dryden*, adventuring farther and thus excusing her self;

*To speak our Wishes first, forbid it Pride,  
Forbid it Modesty: True, they forbid it,  
But Nature does not, when we are athirst,  
Or hungry, will imperious Nature stay,  
Nor eat, nor drink, before 'tis bid fall on.*

Cleomenes.

*Cassandra* speaks before she is asked. *Huncamunca* afterwards.

*Cassandra* speaks her Wishes to her Lover.

*Huncamunca* only to her Father.

Stream

Streams with the yellow Blood of slaughter'd Giants.  
 Whose Name in *Terrâ Incognitâ* is known,  
 Whose Valour, Wisdom, Virtue make a Noise,  
 Great as the Kettle-Drums of twenty Armies.

*Hunc.* Whom does my Royal Father mean?

*King.* *Tom Thumb.*

*Hunc.* Is it possible?

*King.* Ha! the Window-Blinds are gone,  
 (m) A Country Dance of Joy is in your Face,  
 Your Eyes spit Fire, your Cheeks grow red as Beef.

*Hunc.* O, there's a Magick-musick in that Sound,  
 Enough to turn me into Beef indeed.

Yes, I will own, since licens'd by your Word,  
 I'll own *Tom Thumb* the Cause of all my Grief.  
 For him I've sigh'd, I've wept, I've gnaw'd my Sheets.

*King.* Oh! thou shalt gnaw thy tender Sheets no more,  
 A Husband thou shalt have to mumble now.

*Hunc.* Oh! happy Sound! henceforth, let no one tell,  
 That *Huncamunca* shall lead Apes in Hell.  
 Oh! I am over-joy'd!

*King.* I see thou art.

(n) Joy lightens in thy Eyes, and thunders from thy  
 Brows;

Transports, like Lightning, dart along thy Soul,  
 As Small-shot thro' a Hedge.

(m) *Her Eyes resistless Magick bear,*  
*Angels I see, and Gods are dancing there.*

*Lee's Sophonisba.*

(n) *Mr. Dennis* in that excellent Tragedy, call'd *Liberty As-*  
*serted*, which is thought to have given so great a Stroke to the  
 late *French King*, hath frequent Imitations of this beautiful Speech  
 of *King Arthur*;

*Conquest light'ning in his Eyes, and thund'ring in his Arm.*

*Joy lighten'd in her Eyes.*

*Joys like Light'ning dart along my Soul.*

*Hunc.*

*Hunc.* Oh! say not small.

*King.* This happy News shall on our Tongue ride Post,  
Our self will bear the happy News to *Thumb*.  
Yet think not, Daughter, that your powerful Charms  
Must still detain the Hero from his Arms;  
Various his Duty, various his Delight;  
Now is his Turn to kiss, and now to fight;  
And now to kiss again. So, mighty (o) *Jove*,  
When with excessive thund'ring tir'd above,  
Comes down to Earth, and takes a Bit — and then,  
Flies to his Trade of Thund'ring, back again.

## SCENE V.

Grizzle, Huncamunca.

(p) *Griz.* Oh! *Huncamunca, Huncamunca*, oh,  
Thy pouting Breasts, like Kettle-Drums of Brass,  
Beat everlasting loud Alarms of Joy;  
As bright as Brass they are, and oh, as hard;  
Oh *Huncamunca, Huncamunca!* oh!

*Hunc.* Ha! do'st thou know me, Princess as I am,  
\* That thus of me you dare to make your Game.

(o) *Jove with excessive Thund'ring tir'd above,  
Comes down for Ease, enjoys a Nymph, and then  
Mounts dreadful, and to Thund'ring goes again.*

*Gloriana.*

(p) This beautiful Line, which ought, says Mr. *W* — to be  
written in Gold, is imitated in the New *Sophonisba*;

Oh! *Sophonisba, Sophonisba*, oh!

Oh! *Narva, Narva*, oh!

The Author of a Song call'd Duke upon Duke, hath improv'd  
it.

*Alas! O Nick, O Nick, alas!*

Where, by the help of a little false Spelling, you have two  
Meanings in the repeated Words.

\* *Edith*, in the *Bloody Brother*, speaks to her Lover in the same  
familiar Language.

*Your Grace is full of Game.*

*Griz.*



*Griz.* Oh *Huncamunca*, well I know that you  
A Princess are, and a King's Daughter too.  
But Love no Meanness scorns, no Grandeur fears,  
Love often Lords into the Cellar bears,  
And bids the sturdy Porter come up Stairs.  
For what's too high for Love, or what's too low?  
Oh *Huncamunca*, *Huncamunca*, oh!

*Hunc.* But granting all you say of Love were true,  
My Love, alas! is to another due!  
In vain to me, a Suitoring you come;  
For I'm already promis'd to *Tom Thumb*.

*Griz.* And can my Princess such a Durgen wed,  
One fitter for your Pocket than your Bed!  
Advis'd by me, the worthless Baby shun,  
Or you will ne'er be brought to bed of one.  
Oh take me to thy Arms and never flinch,  
Who am a Man by *Jupiter* ev'ry Inch.  
(*q*) Then while in Joys together lost we lie  
I'll press thy Soul while Gods stand wishing by.

*Hunc.* If, Sir, what you insinuate you prove  
All Obstacles of Promise you remove;  
For all Engagements to a Man must fall,  
Whene'er that Man is prov'd no Man at all.

*Griz.* Oh let him seek some Dwarf, some fairy Miss,  
Where no Joint-stool must lift him to the Kifs.  
But by the Stars and Glory, you appear  
Much fitter for a *Prussian* Grenadier;  
One Globe alone, on *Atlas* Shoulders rests,  
Two Globes are less than *Huncamunca's* Breasts:  
The Milky-way is not so white, that's flat,  
And sure thy Breasts are full as large as that.

---

(*q*) *Traverse the glitt'ring Chambers of the Sky,*  
*Born on a Cloud in view of Fate I'll lie,*  
*And press her Soul while Gods stand wishing by.* Hannibal.  
*Hunc.*

*Hunc.* Oh, Sir, so strong your Eloquence I find,  
It is impossible to be unkind.

*Griz.* Ah! speak that o'er again, and let the (r) Sound  
From one Pole to another Pole rebound;  
The Earth and Sky, each be a Battledoor  
And keep the Sound, that Shuttlecock, up an Hour;  
To *Doctors Commons*, for a License I,  
Swift as an Arrow from a Bow will fly.

*Hunc.* Oh no! lest some Disaster we should meet,  
'Twere better to be marry'd at the Fleet.

*Griz.* Forbid it, all ye Powers, a Princess should  
By that vile Place, contaminate her Blood;  
My quick Return shall to my Charmer prove,  
I travel on the (s) Post-Horses of Love.

*Hunc.* Those Post-Horses to me will seem too slow,  
Tho' they should fly swift as the Gods, when they  
Ride on behind that Post-Boy, Opportunity.

## SCENE VI.

Tom Thumb, Huncamunca.

*Thumb.* Where is my Princess, where's my *Huncamunca*?

Where are those Eyes, those Cardmatches of Love,

(r) *Let the four Winds from distant Corners meet,  
And on their Wings first bear it into France;  
Then back again to Edina's proud Walls,  
Till Victim to the Sound th' aspiring City falls.*

Albion Queen.

(s) I do not remember any Metaphors so frequent in the Tragick Poets as those borrow'd from Riding Post;

*The Gods and Opportunity ride Post.*

Hannibal.

—— *Let's rush together,*

*For Death rides Post.*

Duke of Guise.

*Destruction gallops to thy murder Post.*

Gloriana.

That

That (t) Light up all with Love my waxen Soul?  
 Where is that Face which artful Nature made.  
 (u) In the same Moulds where *Venus* self was cast?

---

(t) This Image too very often occurs;

——— *Bright as when thy Eye*

*'First lighted up our Loves.*

Aurengzebe.

*This not a Crown alone lights up my Name.*

Busiris.

(u) There is great Diffension among the Poets concerning the Method of making Man. One tells his Mistress that the Mold she was made in being lost, Heaven cannot form such another. *Lucifer*, in *Dryden*, gives a merry Description of his own Formation;

*Whom Heaven neglecting, made and scarce design'd,  
 But threw me in for Number to the rest.*

State of Innocency.

In one Place, the same Poet supposes Man to be made of Metal;

*I was form'd*

*Of that coarse Metal, which when she was made,*

*The Gods threw by for Rubbish.*

All for Love.

In another, of Dough;

*When the Gods moulded up the Paste of Man,*

*Some of their Clay was left upon their Hands,*

*And so they made Egyptians.*

Cleomenes.

In another of Clay;

——— *Rubbish of remaining Clay.*

Sebastian.

One makes the Soul of Wax;

*Her waxen Soul begins to melt apace.*

Anna Bullen.

Another of Flint.

*Sure our two Souls have somewhere been acquainted*

*In former Beings, or struck out together,*

*One Spark to Africk flew, and one to Portugal.*

Sebastian.

To omit the great Quantities of Iron, Brazen and Leaden Souls which are so plenty in modern Authors---I cannot omit the Dress of a Soul as we find it in *Dryden*;

*Souls shirted but with Air.*

King Arthur.

Huns.

*Hunc.* (x) Oh! What is Musick to the Ear that's deaf,  
Or a Goose-Pye to him that has no taste?  
What are these Praises now to me, since I  
Am promis'd to another?

*Thumb.* Ha! promis'd.

*Hunc.* Too sure; it's written in the Book of Fate.

*Thumb.* (y) Then I will tear away the Leaf  
Wherein it's writ, or if Fate won't allow  
So large a Gap within its Journal-Book,  
I'll blot it out at least.

## SCENE VII.

Glumdalca, Tom Thumb, Huncamunca.

*Glum.* (z) I need not ask if you are *Huncamunca*,  
Your Brandy Nose proclaims —

*Hunc.* I am a Princess;

Nor can I pass by a particular sort of Soul in a particular  
sort of Description, in the *New Sophonisba*.

*Ye mysterious Powers,*  
— — *Whether thro' your gloomy Depths I wander,*  
*Or on the Mountains walk; give me the calm,*  
*The steady smiling Soul, where Wisdom sheds*  
*Eternal Sun-shine, and eternal Joy.*

(x) This Line Mr. Banks has plunder'd entire in his *Anna Bullen*.

(y) *Good Heaven, the Book of Fate before me lay,*  
*But to tear out the Journal of that Day.*  
*Or if the Order of the World below,*  
*Will not the Gap of one whole Day allow,*  
*Give me that Minute when she made her Vow.*

Conquest of Granada.

(z) I know some of the Commentators have imagined, that  
Mr. Dryden, in the *Altercative* Scene between *Cleopatra* and *Octavia*, a Scene which Mr. Addison inveighs against with great Bit-  
terness, is much beholden to our Author. How just this their  
Observation is, I will not presume to determine.

Nor



Nor need I ask who you are.

*Glum.* A Giantess;

The Queen of those who made and unmade Queens.

*Hunc.* The Man, whose chief Ambition is to be  
My Sweetheart, hath destroy'd these mighty Giants.

*Glum.* Your Sweetheart? do'st thou think the Man,  
who once

Hath worn my easy Chains, will e'er wear thine?

*Hunc.* Well may your Chains be easy, since if Fame  
Saystrue, they have been try'd on twenty Husbands.

(z) The Glove or Boot, so many times pull'd on,  
May well sit easy on the Hand or Foot.

*Glum.* I glory in the Number, and when I  
Sit poorly down, like thee, content with one,  
Heaven change this Face for one as bad as thine.

*Hunc.* Let me see nearer what this Beauty is,  
That captivates the Heart of Men by Scores.

[*Holds a Candle to her Face.*

Oh! Heaven, thou art as ugly as the Devil.

*Glum.* You'd give the best of Shoes within your Shop,  
To be but half so handsome.

*Hunc.* — Since you come

(a) To that, I'll put my Beauty to the Test;  
*Tom Thumb*, I'm yours, if you with me will go.

*Glum.*

(z) A cobling Poet indeed, says *Mr. D.* and yet I believe we  
may find as monstrous Images in the Tragick-Authors: I'll put  
down one;

*Untie your folded Thoughts, and let them dangle loose as a  
Bride's Hair.*

*Injur'd Love.*

Which Lines seem to have as much Title to a Milliner's  
Shop, as our Author's to a Shoemaker's.

(a) *Mr. L* takes occasion in this Place to commend the  
great Care of our Author to preserve the Metre of Blank Verse,  
in which *Shakespeare*, *Johnson* and *Fletcher* were so notoriously  
negligent;

*Glum.* Oh! stay, *Tom Thumb*, and you alone shall fill  
That Bed where twenty Giants us'd to lie.

*Thumb.* In the Balcony that o'er-hangs the Stage;  
I've seen a Whore two 'Prentices engage;  
One half a Crown does in in his Fingers hold,  
The other shews a little Piece of Gold;  
She the Half Guinea wisely does purloin,  
And leaves the larger and the baser Coin.

*Glum.* Left, scorn'd, and loath'd for such a Chit as  
this;

(b) I feel the Storm that's rising in my Mind,  
Tempests, and Whirlwinds rise, and rowl and roar.  
I'm all within a Hurricane, as if

(c) The World's four Winds were pent within my  
Carcase.

(d) Confusion, Horror, Murder, Guts and Death.

negligent; and the Moderns, in Imitation of our Author, so laudably observant;

————— *Then does*

*Your Majesty believe that he can be  
A Traitor!*

Earl of Essex.

Every Page of *Sophonisba* gives us Instances of this Excellence.

(b) *Love mounts and rowls about my stormy Mind.*

Aurengzebe.

*Tempests and Whirlwinds thro' my Bosom move.*

Cleom.

(c) *With such a furious Tempest on his Brow,  
As if the World's four Winds were pent within  
His blustering Carcase.*

Anna Bullen.

(d) *Verba Tragica.*

SCENE

## S C E N E VIII.

King Glumdalca.

*King.* \* Sure never was so sad a King as I,(e) My Life is worn as ragged as a Coat  
A Beggar wears; a Prince should put it off,

(f) To love a Captive and a Giantess.

Oh Love! Oh Love! how great a King art thou!

My Tongue's thy Trumpet, and thou Trumpetest,

Unknown to me, within me. (g) oh *Glumdalca!*

Heaven thee design'd a Giantess to make,

But an Angelick Soul was shuffled in.

(b) I am a Multitude of Walking Griefs,

And only on her Lips the Balm is found;

(i) To spread a Plaister that might cure them all.

*Glum.* What do I hear?*King.* What do I see?

\* This Speech hath been terrib'y maul'd by the Poets.

(e) ——— *My Life is worn to Rags.**Not worth a Prince's wearing.*

Love Triumph.

(f) *Must I beg the Pity of my Slave?**Must a King beg! But Love's a greater King,**A Tyrant, nay a Devil that possesses me.**He tunes the Organ of my Voice and speaks,**Unknown to me, within me.*

Sebastian.

(g) *When thou wer't form'd, Heaven did a Man begin;**But a Brute Soul by chance was shuffled in.*

Aurengz Be.

————— *I am a Multitude.*(b) *Of walking Griefs.*

New Sophonisba.

(i) *I will take thy Scorpion Blood,**And lay it to my Grief till I have Ease.*

Anna Baller;

D

*Glum.*

*Glum.* Oh!

*King.* Ah!

(*k*) *Glum.* Ah Wretched Queen!

*King.* Oh! Wretched King!

*Glum.* Ah!

*King.* Oh!

## SCENE IX.

Tom Thumb, Huncamunca, Parson.

*Parson.* Happy's the Wooing, that's not long adoing;  
For if I guess aright, *Tom Thumb* this Night  
Shall give a Being to a New *Tom Thumb*.

*Thumb.* It shall be my Endeavour so to do.

*Hunc.* Oh! fie upon you, Sir, you make me blush.

(*k*) Our Author, who every where shews his great Penetration into human Nature, here outdoes himself: Where a less judicious Poet would have raised a long Scene of whining Love. He who understood the Passions better, and that so violent an Affection as this must be too big for Utterance, chooses rather to send his Characters off in this sullen and doleful manner: In which admirable Conduct he is imitated by the Author of the justly celebrated *Eurydice*. Dr. *Young* seems to point at this Violence of Passion;

————— *Passion choaks*  
*Their Words, and they're the Statues of Despair.*

And *Seneca* tells us, *Caræ leves loquuntur, ingentes stupent*. The Story of the Egyptian King in *Herodotus* is too well known to need to be inserted; I refer the more curious Reader to the excellent *Montagne*, who hath written an Essay on this Subject.

(*l*) *To part is Death* ———

————— 'Tis Death to part.

————— Ah.

————— Oh.

Don Carlos.

*Thumb.*



*Thumb.* It is the Virgin's Sign, and suits you well:

(*m*) I know not where, nor how, nor what I am,

(*n*) I'm so transported, I have lost my self.

(*m*) *Nor know I whether.*

*What am I, who or where,*

Busiris.

*I was I know not what, and am I know not how.*

Gloriana.

(*n*) To understand sufficiently the Beauty of this Passage, it will be necessary that we comprehend every Man to contain two Selves. I shall not attempt to prove this from Philosophy, which the Poets make so plainly evident.

One runs away from the other;

*Let me demand your Majesty?*

*Why fly you from your self.*

Duke of Guise.

In a 2d. One Self is a Guardian to the other;

*Leave me the Care of me.*

Conquest of Granada.

Again, *My self am to my self less near.*

Ibid.

In the same, the first Self is proud of the second;

*I my self am proud of me.*

State of Innocence.

In a 3d. Distrustful of him;

*Fain I would tell, but whisper it in mine Ear,*

*That none besides might hear, nay not my self.*

Earl of Essex

In a 4th. Honours him;

*I honour Rome,*

*But honour too my self.*

Sophonisba.

In a 5th. At Variance with him;

*Leave me not thus at Variance with my self.*

Busiris.

Again, in a 6th. I find my self divided from my self.

Medea.

*She seemed the sad Effigies of her self.*

Banks.

*Assist me, Zulema, if thou would'st be*

*The Friend thou seemest, assist me against me.*

Albion Queens.

From all which it appears, that there are two Selves; and therefore *Tom Thumb's* losing himself is no such Solecism as it hath been represented by Men, rather ambitious of Criticizing, than qualify'd to Criticize.

*Hunc.* Forbid it, all ye Stars, for you're so small,  
That were you lost, you'd find your self no more.  
So the unhappy Sempstress once, they say,  
Her Needle in a Pottle, lost, of Hay;  
In vain she look'd, and look'd, and made her Moan,  
For ah, the Needle was for ever gone.

*Parson.* Long may they live, and love, and propagate,  
Till the whole Land be peopled with *Tom Thumbs*.

(p) So when the *Cheshire Cheese* a Maggot breeds,  
Another and another still succeeds.

By thousands, and ten thousands they increase,  
Till one continued Maggot fills the rotten Cheese.

## S C E N E X.

Noodle, and then Grizzle.

*Nood.* (q) Sure Nature means to break her solid  
Chain,

Or else unfix the World, and in a Rage,  
To hurl it from its Axle-tree and Hinges;  
All things are so confus'd, the King's in Love,  
The Queen is drunk, the Princess married is.

*Griz.* Oh! Noodle, hast thou *Huncamunca* seen?

*Nood.* I've seen a Thousand Sight's this day, where  
none

(p) Mr. F—— imagines this Parson to have been a *Welsh* one from his Simile.

(q) Our Author hath been plunder'd here according to Custom;

*Great Nature break thy Chain that links together,  
The Fabrick of the World and make a Chaos,  
Like that within my Soul.* Love Triumphant.

—— Startle Nature, unfix the Globe,  
And hurl it from its Axle-tree and Hinges. Albion Queens.  
The tottering Earth seems sliding off its Props.

Are

Are by the wonderful Bitch herself outdone,  
The King, the Queen, and all the Court are Sights.

Griz. (r) D—n your Delay, you Trifler, are you  
drunk, ha?

I will not hear one Word but *Huncamunca*.

Nood. By this time she is married to *Tom Thumb*.

Griz. (s) My *Huncamunca*.

Nood. Your *Huncamunca*.

*Tom Thumb's Huncamunca*, every Man's *Huncamunca*.

Griz. If this be true all Womankind are damn'd:

Nood. If it be not, may I be so my self.

Griz. See where she comes! I'll not believe a Word  
Against that Face, upon whose (t) ample Brow,  
Sits Innocence with Majesty Enthron'd.

Grizzle, *Huncamunca*.

Griz. Where has my *Huncamunca* been? See here  
The Licence in my Hand!

Hunc. Alas! *Tom Thumb*.

Griz. Why dost thou mention him?

Hunc. Ah! me *Tom Thumb*.

Griz. What means my lovely *Huncamunca*?

Hunc. Hum!

Griz. Oh! Speak.

Hunc. Hum!

Griz. Ha! your every Word is Hum.

(u) You force me still to answer you *Tom Thumb*.

(r) D—n your delay, ye Torturers proceed,  
I will not bear one Word but *Almahide*. Conq. of Granada.

(s) Mr. Dryden hath imitated this in *All for Love*.

(t) This Miltonick Stile abounds in the New *Sophonisba*.

—— And on her ample Brow

Sat Majesty.

(u) Your ev'ry Answer, still so ends in that,

You force me still to answer you *Morat*.

*Aurengzebe*.

*Tom Thumb*, I'm on the Rack, I'm in a Flame,

(x) *Tom Thumb*, *Tom Thumb*, *Tom Thumb*, you love  
the Name;

So pleasing is that Sound, that were you dumb  
You still would find a Voice to cry *Tom Thumb*.

*Hunc*. Oh! Be not hasty to proclaim my Doom,  
My ample Heart for more than one has Room,  
A Maid like me, Heaven form'd at least for two,  
(y) I married him, and now I'll marry you.

*Griz*. Ha! dost thou own thy Falshood to my Face?  
Think'st thou that I will share thy Husband's place,  
Since to that Office one cannot suffice,  
And since you scorn to dine one single Dish on,  
Go, get your Husband put into Commission,  
Commissioners to discharge, (ye Gods) it fine is,  
The duty of a Husband to your Highness;  
Yet think not long, I will my Rival bear,  
Or unreveng'd the flighted Willow wear;  
The gloomy, brooding Tempest now confin'd,  
Within the hollow Caverns of my Mind.  
In dreadful Whirl, shall rowl along the Coasts,  
Shall thin the Land of all the Men it boasts,  
(z) And cram up ev'ry Chink of Hell with Ghosts. }

So

---

(x) Morat, Morat, Morat, *you love the Name*. Aurengzebe.

(y) Here is a Sentiment for the Virtuous *Huncamunca* (says  
Mr. D——s) and yet with the leave of this great Man, the Vir-  
tuous *Panthea* in *Cyrus*, hath an Heart every whit as Ample;

*For two I must confess are Gods to me,*

*Which is my Abradatus first, and thee.* Cyrus the Great.

Nor is the Lady in *Love Triumphant*; more reserv'd, tho' not  
so intelligible;

—— *I am so divided,*

*That I grieve most for both, and love both most.*

(z) A ridiculous Supposition to any one, who considers the  
great and extensive Largeness of Hell, says a Commentator: But  
not



(\*) So have I seen, in some dark Winter's Day,  
 A sudden Storm rush down the Sky's High-Way,  
 Sweep thro' the Streets with terrible ding dong,  
 Gush thro' the Spouts, and wash whole Crowds along.  
 The crowded Shops, the thronging Vermin skreen,  
 Together cram the Dirty and the Clean,  
 And not one Shoe-Boy in the Street is seen. }

*Hunc.* Oh! fatal Rashness should his Fury slay,  
 My hapless Bridegroom on his Wedding Day;  
 I, who this Morn, of two chose which to wed,  
 May go again this Night alone to Bed;

(†) So have I seen some wild unsettled Fool,  
 Who had her Choice of this, and that Joint Stool;

D 4

To

not so to those who consider the great Expansion of immaterial Substance. Mr. *Banks* makes one Soul to be so expanded that Heaven could not contain it;

*The Heavens are all too narrow for her Soul.* Virtue Betray'd.  
 The *Persian Princess* hath a Passage not unlike the Author of this;

*We will send such Shoals of murther'd Slaves,  
 Shall glut Hell's empty Regions.*

This threatens to fill Hell even tho' it were empty; Lord *Grizzle* only to fill up the Chinks, supposing the rest already full.

(\*) Mr. *Addison* is generally thought to have had this Simile in his Eye, when he wrote that beautiful one at the end of the third Act of his *Cato*.

(†) This beautiful Simile is founded on a Proverb, which does Honour to the *English* Language;

*Between two Stools the Breech falls to the Ground.*

I am not so pleased with any written Remains of the Ancients, as with those little Aphorisms, which verbal Tradition hath delivered down to us, under the Title of Proverbs. It were to be wished that instead of filling their Pages with the fabulous Theology of the Pagans, our modern Poets would think it worth their while to enrich their Works with the Proverbial Sayings of their Ancestors. Mr. *Dryden* hath chronicl'd one in Heroick;

*Two ifs scarce make one Possibility.* Conquest of Granada.

D 4

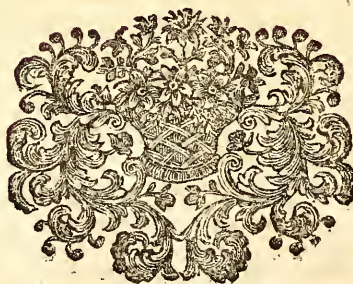
My

To give the Preference to either, loath  
And fondly coveting to sit on both :  
While the two Stools her Sitting Part confound,  
Between 'em both fall Squat upon the Ground.

---

My Lord *Bacon* is of Opinion, that whatever is known of Arts and Sciences might be proved to have lurked in the Proverbs of *Solomon*. I am of the same Opinion in relation to those abovemention'd : At least I am confident that a more perfect System of Ethicks, as well as Oeconomy, might be compiled out of them, than is at present extant, either in the Works of the Antient Philosophers, or those more valuable, as more voluminous, ones of the modern Divines.

*The End of the Second ACT.*





## A C T III. S C E N E I.

SCENE *King Arthur's Palace.*(a) Ghost *solus.*

**H**AIL! ye black Horrors of Midnight's Noon!  
 Ye Fairies, Goblins, Bats and Screech-Owls, Hail!  
 And Oh! ye mortal Watchmen, whose hoarse Throats  
 Th' Immortal Ghosts dread Croakings counterfeit,  
 All Hail! — Ye dancing Fantoms, who by Day,  
 Are some condemn'd to fast, some feast in Fire;  
 Now play in Church-yards, skipping o'er the Graves,

(a) Of all the Particulars in which the modern Stage falls short of the ancient, there is none so much to be lamented, as the great Scarcity of Ghosts in the latter. Whence this proceeds, I will not presume to determine. Some are of opinion, that the Moderns are unequal to that sublime Language which a Ghost ought to speak. One says ludicrously; That Ghosts are out of Fashion; another, That they are properer for Comedy; forgetting, I suppose, that *Aristotle* hath told us, That a Ghost is the Soul of Tragedy; for so I render the *ψυχὴ δὲ μῦθος τῆς τραγῳδίας*, which *M. Dacier*, amongst others, hath mistaken; I suppose mis-led, by not understanding the *Fabula* of the *Latins*, which signifies a *Ghost* as well as a *Fable*.

—— *Te premet nox, fabulaeque Manes.* Hor.

Of all the Ghosts that have ever appeared on the Stage, a very learned and judicious foreign Critick, gives the Preference to this of our Author. These are his Words, speaking of this Tragedy;

—— *Nec quidquam in illâ admirabilius quam Phasma quoddam horrendum, quod omnibus aliis Spectris, quibuscum scatur Anglorum Tragedia, longè (pace D——isii V. Doctiss. dixerim) prætulerim.*

To

To the (b) loud Musick of the silent Bell,  
All Hail!

## S C E N E II.

King, and Ghost.

*King.* What Noise is this? — What Villain dares,  
At this dread Hour, with Feet and Voice prophane,  
Disturb our Royal Walls?

*Ghost.* One who defies  
Thy empty Power to hurt him; (c) one who dares  
Walk in thy Bed-Chamber.

*King.* Presumptuous Slave!  
Thou diest:

*Ghost.* Threaten others with that Word,  
(d) I am a Ghost, and am already dead.

*King.* Ye Stars! 'tis well; were thy last Hour to  
come,

(b) We have already given Instances of this Figure.

(c) *Almanzor* reasons in the same manner;

————— *A Ghost I'll be,*

*And from a Ghost, you know, no Place is free.*

*Conq. of Granada.*

(d) *The Man who writ this wretched Pun* (says Mr. D.)  
*would have picked your Pocket:* Which he proceeds to shew,  
not only bad in it self, but doubly so on so solemn an Occasion.  
And yet in that excellent Play of *Liberty Asserted*, we find some-  
thing very much resembling a Pun in the Mouth of a Mistress,  
who is parting with the Lover she is fond of;

*Ul. Oh, mortal Woe! one Kiss, and then farewell.*

*Irene. The Gods have given to others to farewell.*

*O miserably must Irene fair.*

*Agamemnon*, in the *Victim*, is full as facetious on the most so-  
lemn Occasion, that of Sacrificing his Daughter;

*Yes, Daughter, yes; you will assist the Priest;*

*Yes, you must offer up your — Vows for Greece.*

This



This Moment had been it; (e) yet by thy Shroud  
I'll pull thee backward, squeeze thee to a Bladder,  
'Till thou dost groan thy Nothingness away.

[*Ghost retires.*

Thou fly'st! 'Tis well.

(f) I thought what was the Courage of a Ghost!  
Yet, dare not, on thy Life—— Why say I that,  
Since Life thou hast not?—— Dare not walk again,  
Within these Walls, on pain of the *Red-Sea*.

For, if henceforth I ever find thee here,  
As sure, sure as a Gun, I'll have thee laid —

*Ghost.* Were the *Red-Sea*, a Sea of *Holland's* Gin,  
The Liquor (when alive) whose very Smell  
I did detest, did loath—— yet for the Sake  
Of *Thomas Thumb*, I would be laid therein.

*King.* Ha! said you?

*Ghost.* Yes, my Liege, I said *Tom Thumb*,  
Whose Father's Ghost I am—— once not unknown  
To mighty *Arthur*. But, I see, 'tis true,  
The dearest Friend, when dead, we all forget.

*King.* 'Tis he, it is the honest Gaffer *Thumb*.  
Oh! let me press thee in my eager Arms,  
Thou best of Ghosts! Thou something more than Ghost!

*Ghost.* Would I were Something more, that we again

(e) I'll pull thee backwards by thy Shroud to Light,  
Or else, I'll squeeze thee, like a Bladder, there,  
And make thee groan thy self away to Air.

Conquest of *Granada*.

Snatch me, ye Gods, this Moment into Nothing.

*Cyrus the Great.*

(f) So, art thou gone? Thou canst no Conquest boast,  
I thought what was the Courage of a Ghost.

Conquest of *Granada*.

*King Arthur* seems to be as brave a Fellow as *Almanzor*, who  
says most heroically,

————— In sight of Ghosts, I'll on.

But

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Might feel each other in the warm Embrace.

But now I have th' Advantage of my King,

(g) For I feel thee, whilst thou dost not feel me.

*King.* But say, (h) thou dearest Air, Oh! say, what  
Dread,

Important Business sends thee back to Earth?

*Ghost.* Oh! then prepare to hear ——— which, but  
to hear,

Is full enough to send thy Spirit hence.

Thy Subjects up in Arms, by *Grizzle* led,

Will, ere the rosy finger'd Morn shall ope

The Shutters of the Sky, before the Gate

Of this thy Royal Palace, swarming spread:

(i) So have I seen the Bees in Clusters swarm,

So have I seen the Stars in frosty Nights,

So have I seen the Sand in windy Days,

So have I seen the Ghosts on *Pluto's* Shore,

So have I seen the Flowers in Spring arise,

So have I seen the Leaves in *Autumn* fall,

So have I seen the Fruits in Summer smile,

So have I seen the Snow in Winter frown.

*King.* D—n all thou'st seen! — Dost thou, beneath  
the Shape

Of Gaffer *Thumb*, come hither to abuse me,

With Similies to keep me on the Rack?

Hence ——— or by all the Torments of thy Hell,

(g) The Ghost of *Lansaria* in *Cyrus* is a plain Copy of this,  
and is therefore worth reading.

*Ab, Cyrus!*

*Thou may'st as well grasp Water, or sciet Air,*

*As think of touching my immortal Shade.*     *Cyrus the Great.*

(b) *Thou better Part of heavenly Air.*     *Conquest of Granada.*

(i) *A String of Similies* (says one) proper to be hung up in the  
Cabinet of a Prince.

(l) I'll

(l) I'll run thee thro' the Body, tho' thou'st none.  
*Ghost.* *Arthur*, beware; I must this Moment hence,  
 Not frightened by your Voice, but by the Cocks;  
*Arthur* beware, beware, beware, beware!  
 Strive to avert thy yet impending Fate;  
 For if thou'rt kill'd To-day,  
 To-morrow all thy Care will come too late.

### SCENE III.

*King solus.*

*King.* Oh! stay, and leave me not uncertain thus!  
 And whilst thou tellest me what's like my Fate,  
 Oh, teach me how I may avert it too!  
 Curst be the Man who first a Simile made!  
 Curst, ev'ry Bard who writes! — So have I seen  
 Those whose Comparisons are just and true,  
 And those who liken things not like at all.  
 The Devil is happy, that the whole Creation  
 Can furnish out no Simile to his Fortune.

### SCENE IV.

*King, Queen.*

*Queen.* What is the Cause, my *Arthur*, that you steal  
 Thus silently from *Dollallolla's* Breast?  
 Why dost thou leave me in the (l) Dark alone,

(k) This Passage hath been understood several different Ways  
 by the Commentators. For my Part, I find it difficult to un-  
 derstand it at all. *Mr. Dryden* says,

*I have heard something how two Bodies meet,  
 But how two Souls join, I know not.*

So that 'till the Body of a Spirit be better understood, it will be  
 difficult to understand how it is possible to run him through it.

(l) *Cydaria* is of the same fearful Temper with *Dollallolla*;  
*I never durst in Darkness be alone.*

*Ind. Emp.*

When

When well thou know'st I am afraid of Sprites?

*King.* Oh *Dollallolla!* do not blame my Love;  
I hop'd the Fumes of last Night's Punch had laid  
Thy lovely Eye-lids fast. ——— But, Oh! I find  
There is no Power in Drums, to quiet Wives;  
Each Morn, as the returning Sun, they wake,  
And shine upon their Husbands.

*Queen.* Think, Oh think!

What a Surprize it must be to the Sun,  
Rising, to find the vanish'd World away.  
What less can be the wretched Wife's Surprize,  
When, stretching out her Arms to fold thee fast,  
She folds her useles Bolster in her Arms.

(m) Think, think on that ——— Oh! think, think-well  
on that.

I do remember also to have read

(n) In *Dryden's Ovid's Metamorphosis*,  
That *Jove* in Form inanimate did lie

With beauteous *Danae*; and trust me, Love,

(o) I fear'd the Bolster might have been a *Jove*.

*King.* Come to my Arms, most virtuous of thy Sex;  
Oh *Dollallolla!* were all Wives like thee,  
So many Husbands never had worn Horns.  
Should *Huncamunca* of thy Worth partake,  
*Tom Thumb* indeed were blest. ——— Oh fatal Name!  
For didst thou know one Quarter what I know,

(m) *Think well of this, think that, think every way.*

*Sophonisba.*

(n) These Quotations are more usual in the Comick, than in  
the Tragick Writers.

(o) *This Distress* (says Mr. D——) *I must allow to be extremely beautiful, and tends to heighten the virtuous Character of Dollallolla, who is so exceeding delicate, that she is in the highest Apprehension from the inanimate Embrace of a Bolster. An Example worthy of Imitation from all our Writers of Tragedy.*

Thou



Then would'st thou know — Alas! what thou would'st know!

*Queen.* What can I gather hence? Why dost thou speak

Like Men who carry *Raree-Shows* about,  
Now you shall see, Gentlemen, what you shall see?  
O tell me more, or thou hast told too much.

## SCENE V.

King, Queen, Noodle.

*Noodle.* Long Life attend your Majesties serene,  
Great *Arthur*, King, and *Dollallolla*, Queen!  
Lord *Grizzle*, with a bold, rebellious Crowd,  
Advances to the Palace, threat'ning loud,  
Unless the Princess be deliver'd straight,  
And the victorious *Thumb*, without his Pate,  
'They are resolv'd to batter down the Gate.

## SCENE VI.

King, Queen, Huncamunca, Noodle.

*King.* See where the Princess comes! Where is *Tom Thumb*?

*Hunc.* Oh! Sir, about an Hour and half ago  
He sallied out to encounter with the Foe,  
And swore, unless his Fate had him mis-led,  
From *Grizzle's* Shoulders to cut off his Head,  
And serve't up with your Chocolate in Bed.

*King.* 'Tis well, I find one Devil told us both.  
Come, *Dollallolla*, *Huncamunca*, come,  
Within we'll wait for the victorious *Thumb*;  
In Peace and Safety we secure may stay,  
While to his Arm we trust the bloody Fray;

Tho'

Tho' Men and Giants should conspire with Gods,  
(p) He is alone equal to all these Odds.

Queen. He is indeed, a (q) Helmet to us all,  
While he supports, we need not fear to fall;  
His Arm dispatches all things to our Wish,  
And serves up every Foe's Head in a Dish.  
Void is the Mistress of the House of Care;

(p) *Credat Judeus Appelles*

*Non ego* ——— (Says Mr. D.) ——— *For, passing over the Absurdity of being equal to Odds, can we possibly suppose a little insignificant Fellow ——— I say again, a little insignificant Fellow able to vie with a Strength which all the Sampsons and Hercules's of Antiquity would be unable to encounter.*

I shall refer this incredulous Critick to Mr. Dryden's Defence of his *Almanzor*; and lest that should not satisfy him, I shall quote a few Lines from the Speech of a much braver Fellow than *Almanzor*, Mr. Johnson's *Achilles*;

Tho' Human Race rise in embattel'd Hosts,  
To force her from my Arms ——— Ob! Son of Atræus!  
By that immortal Pow'r, whose deathless Spirit  
Informs this Earth, I will oppose them all. Victim.

(q) *I have heard of being supported by a Staff* (says Mr. D.) *but never of being supported by an Helmet.* I believe he never heard of Sailing with Wings, which he may read in no less a Poet than Mr. Dryden;

*Unless we borrow Wings, and sail thro' Air.*

Love Triumphant.

What will he say to a kneeling Valley?

————— *I'll stand*

*Like a safe Valley, that low bends the Knee,*

*To some aspiring Mountain.*

Injur'd Love.

I am ashamed of so ignorant a Carper, who doth not know that an Epithet in Tragedy is very often no other than an Expletive. Do not we read in the New *Sophonisba* of grinding Chains; blue Plagues, white Occasions, and blue Serenity? Nay, 'tis not the Adjective only, but sometimes half a Sentence is put by way of Expletive, as, *Beauty pointed high with Spirit*, in the same Play — and, *In the Lap of Blessing, to be most curst.* In the Revenge.

While

While the good Cook presents the Bill of Fare;  
 Whether the Cod, that Northern King of Fish,  
 Or Duck, or Goose, or Pig, adorn the Dish;  
 No Fears the Number of her Guests afford,  
 But at her Hour she sees the Dinner on the Board.

SCENE VII. *a Plain.*

*Lord Grizzle, Foodle, and Rebels.*

*Grizzle.* Thus far our Arms with Victory are crown'd;  
 For tho' we have not fought, yet we have found  
 (r) No Enemy to fight withal.

*Foodle.* Yet I,  
 Methinks, would willingly avoid this Day,  
 (s) This First of *April*, to engage our Foes.

*Griz.* This Day, of all the Days of th' Year, I'd  
 choofe,

For on this Day my Grandmother was born.  
 Gods! I will make *Tom Thumb* an *April Fool*;  
 (t) Will teach his Wit an Errand it ne'er knew,  
 And send it Post to the *Elysian Shades*.

*Food.* I'm glad to find our Army is so stout,  
 Nor does it move my Wonder less than Joy.

*Griz.* (u) What Friends we have, and how we came  
 so strong,  
 I'll softly tell you as we march along.

(r) A Victory like that of *Almanzor*.

*Almanzor is victorious without Fight.* Conq. of *Granada*.

(s) *We'll have we chose an happy Day for Fight,  
 For every Man in course of Time has found,  
 Some Days are lucky, some unfortunate.* K. *Arthur*.

(t) We read of such another in *Lee*;  
*Teach his rade Wit a Flight she never made,  
 And send her Post to the Elysian Shade.* Gloriana.

(u) These Lines are copied *verbatim* in the *Indian Emperor*.

## S C E N E VIII.

*Thunder and Lightning.*Tom Thumb, *Glumdalca cum suis.**Thumb.* Oh, *Noodle!* hast thou seen a Day like this?

(x) The unborn Thunder rumbles o'er our Heads,

(y) As if the Gods meant to unhinge the World;

And Heaven and Earth in wild Confusion hurl;

Yet will I boldly tread the tott'ring Ball.

*Merl.* Tom Thumb!*Thumb.* What Voice is this I hear?*Merl.* Tom Thumb!*Thumb.* Again it calls.*Merl.* Tom Thumb!*Glum.* It calls again.*Thumb.* Appear, whoe'er thou art, I fear thee not.*Merl.* Thou hast no Cause to fear, I am thy Friend,*Merlin* by Name, a Conjuror by Trade,

And to my Art thou dost thy Being owe.

*Thumb.* How!*Merl.* Hear then the mystick Getting of *Tom Thumb.*(z) *His Father was a Ploughman plain,**His Mother milk'd the Cow;**And yet the way to get a Son,**This Couple knew not how.*(x) *Unborn Thunder rolling in a Cloud.* Conq. of *Gran.*(y) *Were Heaven and Earth in wild Confusion hurl'd,**Should the rash Gods unhinge the rolling World,**Undaunted, would I tread the tott'ring Ball,**Crush'd, but unconquer'd, in the dreadful Fall.*

Female Warrior.

(z) See the History of *Tom Thumb*, pag. 2.*Until*



Until such time the good old Man  
 To learned Merlin goes,  
 And there to him, in great Distress,  
 In secret manner shows;  
 How in his Heart he wish'd to have  
 A Child, in time to come,  
 To be his Heir, tho' it might be  
 No bigger than his Thumb:  
 Of which old Merlin was foretold,  
 That he his Wish should have;  
 And so a Son of Stature small,  
 The Charmer to him gave.

Thou'lt heard the past, look up and see the future.

*Thumb.* (a) Lost in Amazement's Gulph, my Senses  
 sink;

See there, *Glumdalca*, see another (b) Me!

*Glum.* O Sight of Horror! see, you are devour'd  
 By the expanded Jaws of a red Cow.

*Merl.* Let not these Sight's deter thy noble Mind,

(c) For lo! a Sight more glorious courts thy Eyes;  
 See from a far a Theatre arise;

There, Ages yet unborn, shall Tribute pay  
 To the Heroick Actions of this Day:

(a) — *Amazement swallows up my Sense,*  
*And in th' impetuous Whirl of circling Fate,*  
*Drinks down my Reason.* *Pers. Princess.*

(b) — *I have outfaced my self,*  
*What! am I two? Is there another Me?* *K. Arthur.*

(c) The Character of *Merlin* is wonderful throughout, but most so in this Prophetick Part. We find several of these Prophecies in the Tragick Authors, who frequently take this Opportunity to pay a Compliment to their Country, and somelimes to their Prince. None but our Author (who seems to have detested the least Appearance of Flattery) would have pass'd by such an Opportunity of being a Political Prophet.

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Then Buskin Tragedy at length shall choose  
Thy Name the best Supporter of her Muse.

*Thumb.* Enough, let every warlike Musick sound,  
We fall contented, if we fall renown'd.

S C E N E IX.

*Lord Grizzle, Foodle, Rebels, on one Side. Tom  
Thumb, Glumdalca, on the other.*

*Food.* At length the Enemy advances nigh,  
(d) I hear them with my Ear, and see them with my Eye.

*Griz.* Draw all your Swords, for Liberty we fight,  
(e) And Liberty the Mustard is of Life.

*Thumb.* Are you the Man whom Men fam'd Grizzle  
name?

*Griz.* (f) Are you the much more fam'd Tom Thumb?

*Thumb.* The same.

*Griz.* Come on, our Worth upon our selves we'll  
prove,

For Liberty I fight.

*Thumb.* And I for Love.

[*A bloody Engagement between the two Armies here,  
Drums beating, Trumpets sounding, Thunder and  
Lightning. — They fight off and on several times.  
Some fall. Grizzle and Glumdalca remain.*

(d) *I saw the Villain, Myron, with these Eyes I saw him.*

*Busiris.*

In both which Places it is intimated, that it is sometimes possible to see with other Eyes than your own.

(e) *This Mustard (says Mr. D.) is enough to turn one's Stomach: I would be glad to know what Idea the Author had in his Head when he wrote it. This will be, I believe, best explained by a Line of Mr. Dennis;*

*And gave him Liberty, the Salt of Life.* Liberty asserted.  
The Understanding that can digest the one, will not rise at the other.

(f) *Han. Are you the Chief, whom Men fam'd Scipio call?*

*Scip. Are you the much more famous Hannibal? Hannib.*

*Glum.*

*Glum.* Turn, Coward, turn, nor from a Woman fly.

*Griz.* Away—— thou art too ignoble for my Arm.

*Glum.* Have at thy Heart.

*Griz.* Nay then, I thrust at thine.

*Glum.* You push too well, you've run me thro' the  
Guts,

And I am dead.

*Griz.* Then there's an End of One.

*Thumb.* When thou art dead, then there's an End of  
Two,

(g) Villain.

*Griz.* Tom Thumb!

*Thumb.* Rebel!

*Griz.* Tom Thumb!

*Thumb.* Hell!

*Griz.* Huncamunca!

*Thumb.* Thou hast it there.

*Griz.* Too sure I feel it.

*Thumb.* To Hell then, like a Rebel as you are,  
And give my Service to the Rebels there.

*Griz.* Triumph not, *Thumb*, nor think thou shalt  
enjoy

Thy *Huncamunca* undisturb'd, I'll send

(b) My Ghost to fetch her to the other World;

It

(g) Dr. Young seems to have copied this Engagement in his  
*Busiris*:

Myr. Villain!

Mem. Myron!

Myr. Rebel!

Mem. Myron!

Myr. Hell!

Mem. Mandane

(b) This last Speech of my Lord *Grizzle*, hath been of great  
Service to our Poets;

— I'll

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(i) It shall but bait at Heaven, and then return.  
 (k) But, ha! I feel Death rumbling in my Brains,  
 (l) Some kinder Spright knocks softly at my Soul.  
 And gently whispers it to haste away:  
 I come, I come, most willingly I come.

(m) So; when some City Wife, for Country Air,  
 To *Hampstead*, or to *Highgate* does repair;  
 Her, to make haste, her Husband does implore,  
 And cries, My Dear, *the Coach is at the Door*.  
 With equal Wish, desirous to be gone,  
 She gets into the Coach, and then she cries — *Drive on!*  
*Thumb*. With those last Words (n) he vomited his  
 Soul,

Which, (o) like whipt Cream, the Devil will swallow  
 down.

————— *I'll hold it fast*  
*As Life, and when Life's gone, I'll hold this last;*  
*And if thou tak'st it from me when I'm slain,*  
*I'll send my Ghost, and fetch it back again.*

Conquest of *Granada*.

(i) *My Soul should with such Speed obey,*  
*It should not bait at Heaven to stop its way.*

*Lee* seems to have had this last in his Eye;  
*'Twas not my Purpose, Sir, to tarry there,*  
*I would but go to Heaven to take the Air.*

*Gloriana.*

(k) *A rising Vapour rumbling in my Brains.*

*Cleomenes.*

(l) *Some kind Spright knocks softly at my Soul,*  
*To tell me Fate's at Hand.*

(m) *Mr. Dryden* seems to have had this Simile in his Eye,  
 when he says,

*My Soul is packing up, and just on Wing.*

Conquest of *Granada*.

(n) *And in a purple Vomit pour'd his Soul.*

*Cleomenes.*

(o) *The Devil swallows vulgar Souls*  
*Like whipp'd Cream.*

*Sebastian.*

*Bear*



Bear off the Body, and cut off the Head,  
Which I will to the King in Triumph lug;  
Rebellion's dead, and now I'll go to Breakfast.

## S C E N E X.

King, Queen, Huncamunca, *and Courtiers.*

*King.* Open the Prisons, set the Wretched free,  
And bid our Treasurer disburse six Pounds  
To pay their Debts. — Let no one weep To-day.  
Come, *Dollallolla*; (p) Curse that odious Name!  
It is so long, it asks an Hour to speak it.  
By Heavens! I'll change it into *Doll*, or *Loll*,  
Or any other civil Monosyllable  
That will not tire my Tongue. — Come, sit thee down,  
Here seated, let us view the Dancer's Sports;  
Bid 'em advance. This is the Wedding-Day  
Of Princess *Huncamunca* and *Tom Thumb*;  
*Tom Thumb*! who wins two Victories (q) To-day,  
And this way marches, bearing *Grizzle's* Head.

*A Dance here.*

*Nood.* Oh! monstrous, dreadful, terrible, Oh! Oh!  
Deaf be my Ears, for ever blind, my Eyes!  
Dumb be my Tongue! Feet lame! All Senses lost!

(p) *How I could curse my Name of Ptolemy!*

*It is so long, it asks an Hour to write it.*

*By Heav'n! I'll change it into Jove, or Mars,*

*Or any other civil Monosyllable,*

*That will not tire my Hand.*

Cleomenes.

(q) Here is a visible Conjunction of two Days in one, by which our Author may have either intended an Emblem of a Wedding; or to insinuate, that Men in the Honey-Moon are apt to imagine Time shorter than it is. It brings into my Mind a Passage in the Comedy call'd the *Coffee-House Politician*;

*We will celebrate this Day at my House To-morrow.*

Howl

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(r) Howl Wolves, grunt Bears, hiss Snakes, shriek all ye Ghosts!

*King.* What does the Blockhead mean?

*Nood.* I mean, my Liege

(s) Only to grace my Tale with decent Horror;  
Whilſt from my Garret, twice two Stories high,  
I look'd abroad into the Streets below;  
I ſaw *Tom Thumb* attended by the Mob,  
Twice Twenty Shoe-Boys, twice two Dozen Links,  
Chairmen and Porters, Hackney-Coachmen, Whores;  
Aloft he bore the grizly Head of *Grizzle*;  
When of a sudden thro' the Streets there came  
A Cow, of larger than the uſual Size,  
And in a Moment — gueſs, Oh! gueſs the reſt!  
And in a Moment ſwallow'd up *Tom Thumb*.

*King.* Shut up again the Priſons, bid my Treafurer  
Not give three Farthings out — hang all the *Culprits*,  
Guilty or not — no matter — Ravish Virgins;  
Go bid the Schoolmaſters whip all their Boys;  
Let Lawyers, Parſons, and Phyſicians looſe,  
To rob, impoſe on, and to kill the World.

*Nood.* Her Maſteſty the Queen is in a Swoon.

*Queen.* Not ſo much in a Swoon, but I have ſtill  
Strength to reward the Meſſenger of ill News.

[Kills Noodle.

*Nood.* Oh! I am — in.

*Cle.* My Lover's kill'd, I will revenge him ſo.

[Kills the Queen.

*Hunt.* My Mamma kill'd! vile Murthereſs, beware.

[Kills Cleora.

(r) Theſe beautiful Phraſes are all to be found in one ſingle  
Speech of *King Arthur*, or *The Britiſh Worthies*.

(s) *I was but teaching him to grace his Tale*

*With decent Horror.*

*Cleomenes.*

*Dood.*

*Dood.* This for an old Grudge, to thy Heart.

[*Kills Huncamunca.*

*Must.* And this

I drive to thine, Oh *Doodle!* for a new one.

[*Kills Doodle.*

*King.* Ha! Murtherefs vile, take that [*Kills Must.*

(*t*) And take thou this.

[*Kills himself, and falls.*

(*t*) We may say with *Dryden,*

*Death did at length so many Slain forget,*

*And left the Tale, and took them by the Great.*

I know of no Tragedy which comes nearer to this charming and bloody Catastrophe, than *Cleomenes*, where the Curtain covers five principal Characters dead on the Stage. These Lines too,

*I ask no Questions then, of Who kill'd Who?*

*The Bodies tell the Story as they lie.*

seem to have belonged more properly to this Scene of our Author. — Nor can I help imagining they were originally his. The Rival Ladies too seem beholden to this Scene;

*We're now a Chain of Lovers link'd in Death,*

*Julia goes first, Gonsalvo hangs on her,*

*And Angelina hangs upon Gonsalvo,*

*As I on Angelina.*

No Scene, I believe, ever received greater Honours than this. It was applauded by several *Encors*, a Word very unusual in Tragedy — And it was very difficult for the Actors to escape without a second Slaughter. This I take to be a lively Assurance of that fierce Spirit of Liberty which remains among us, and which Mr. *Dryden* in his *Essay on Dramatick Poetry* hath observed — *Whether Custom* (says he) *hath so insinuated it self into our Countrymen, or Nature hath so formed them to Fierceness, I know not, but they will scarcely suffer Combats, and other Objects of Horror, to be taken from them.* — And indeed I am for having them encouraged in this Martial Disposition: Nor do I believe our Victories over the *French* have been owing to any thing more than to those bloody Spectacles daily exhibited in our Tragedies, of which the *French Stage* is so entirely clear.

So when the Child whom Nurse from Danger guards,  
Sends *Jack* for Mustard with a Pack of Cards;  
Kings, Queens and Knaves throw one another down,  
'Till the whole Pack lies scatter'd and o'erthrown;  
So all our Pack upon the Floor is cast,  
And all I boast is — that I fall the last. [Dies.

F I N I S.

























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